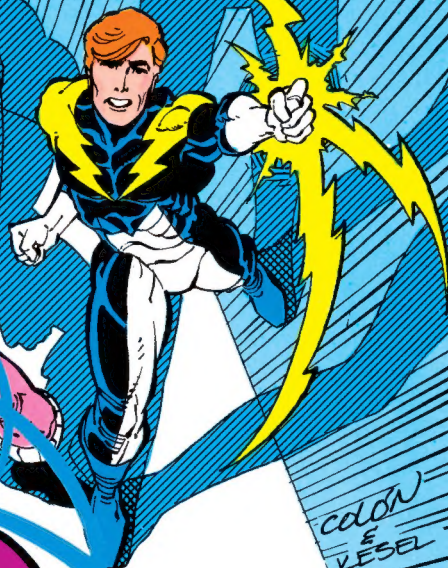
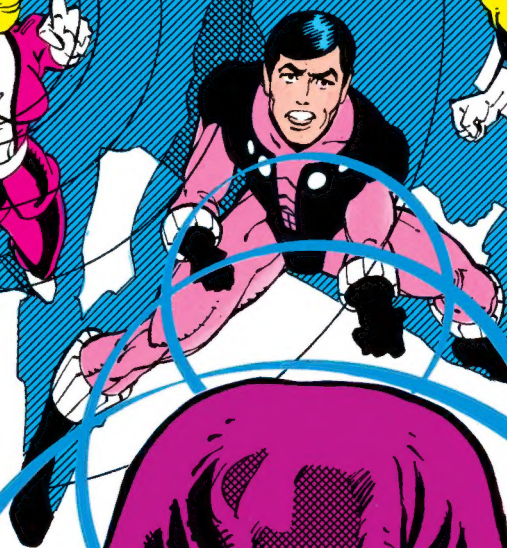
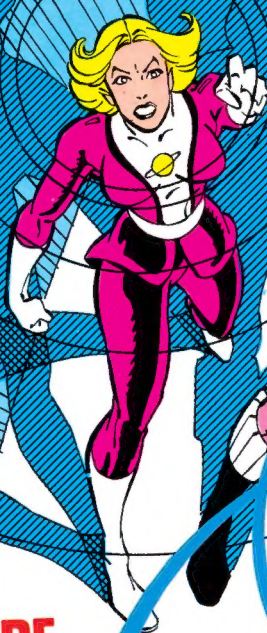




4 PART MINI · SERIES

LEGIONNAIRES

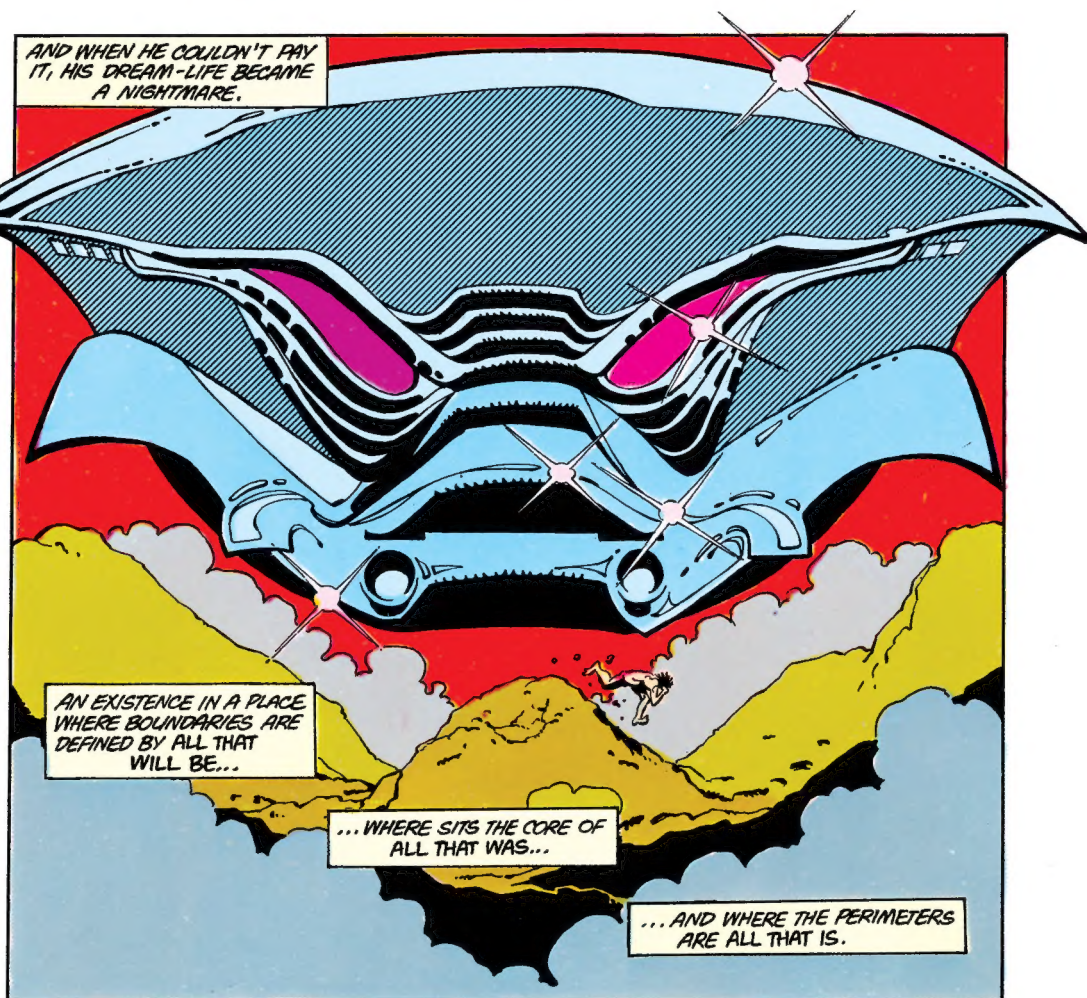
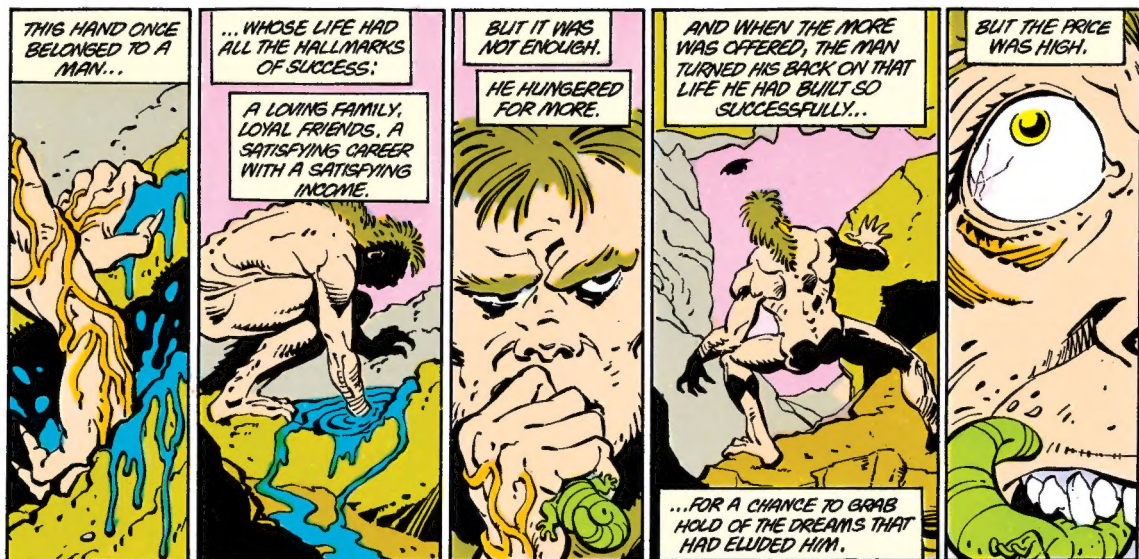
3



COLÓN
&
KESEL

**PREMIERE
ISSUE** by
GIFFEN, NEWELL,
COLÓN & KESEL

The SINISTER SECRET OF THE TIME TRAPPER
-- FUTURE SHOCK!



IF THE CREATURE WHO WAS
ONCE A MAN COULD STILL
SPEAK...

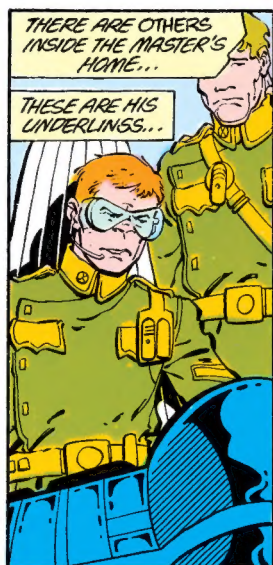
...HE WOULD TELL YOU
THE NAME OF THIS
ETERNAL NIGHTMARE.

LEGIONNAIRES
3

IT IS
CALLED
THE OTHER
SIDE...

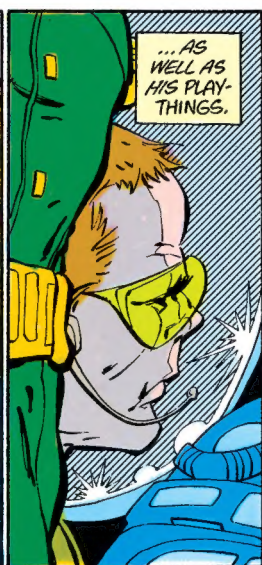
...AND ITS
MASTER
LIVES HERE.

"FUTURE SHOCK!"

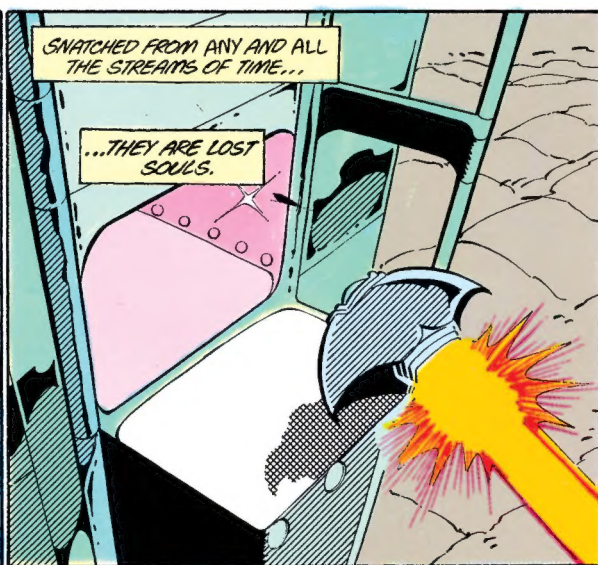


THERE ARE OTHERS
INSIDE THE MASTER'S
HOME...

THESE ARE HIS
UNDERLINGSS...

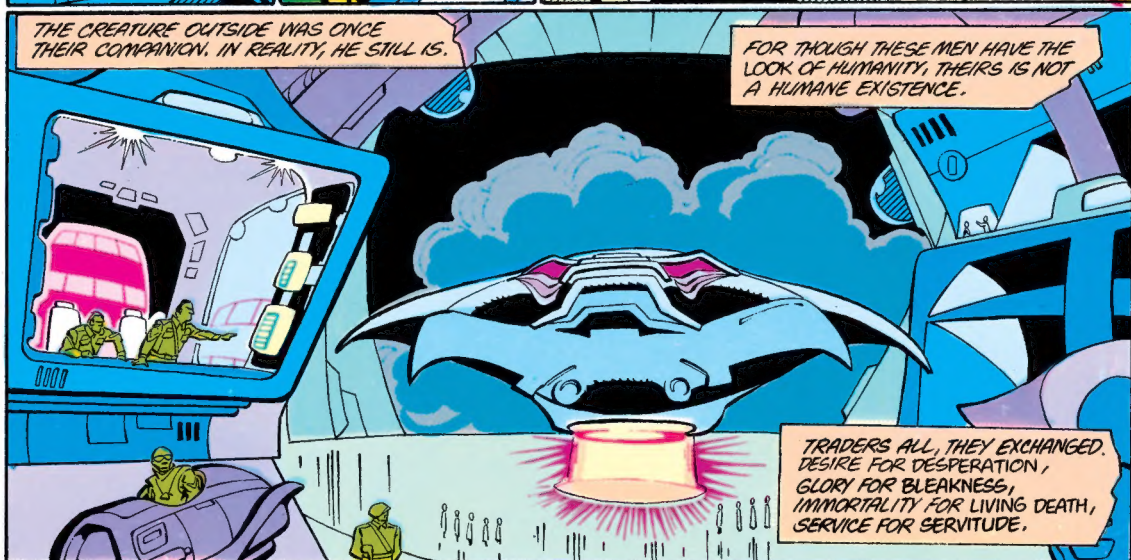


...AS
WELL AS
HIS PLAY-
THINGS.



SNATCHED FROM ANY AND ALL
THE STREAMS OF TIME...

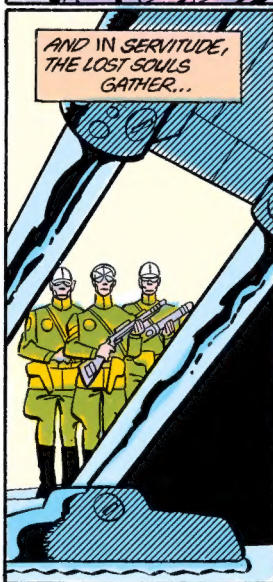
...THEY ARE LOST
SOULS.



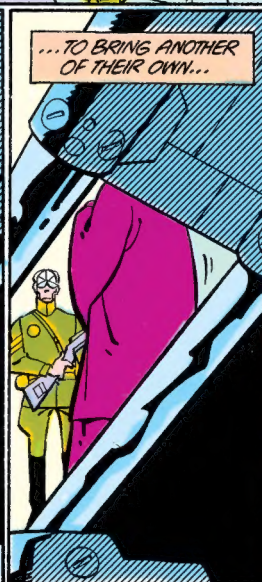
THE CREATURE OUTSIDE WAS ONCE
THEIR COMPANION. IN REALITY, HE STILL IS.

FOR THOUGH THESE MEN HAVE THE
LOOK OF HUMANITY, THEIRS IS NOT
A HUMANE EXISTENCE.

TRADERS ALL, THEY EXCHANGED.
DESIRE FOR DESPERATION,
GLORY FOR BLEAKNESS,
IMMORTALITY FOR LIVING DEATH,
SERVICE FOR SERVITUDE.



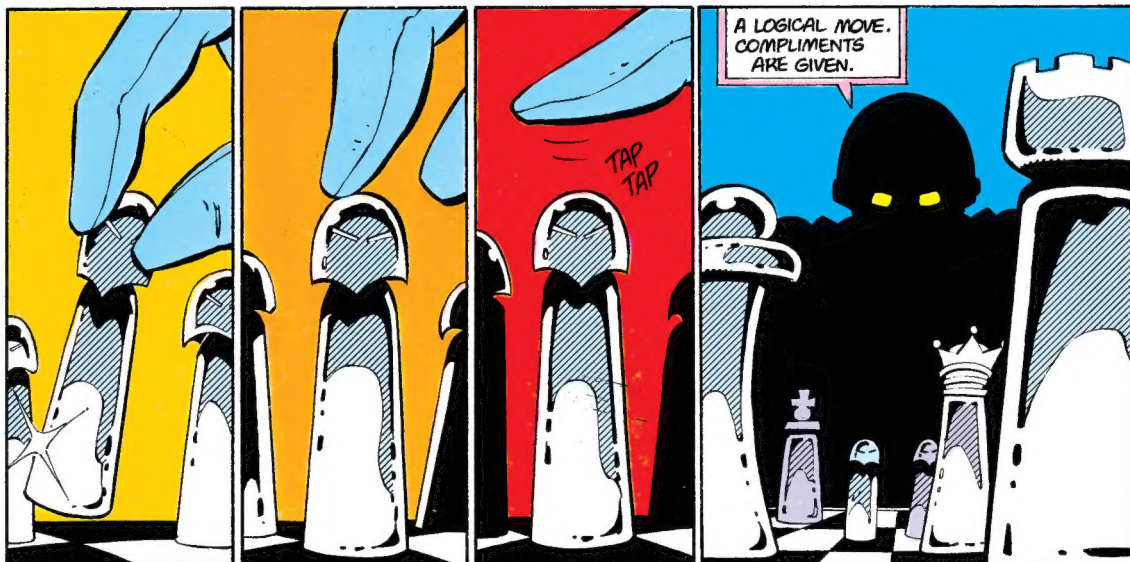
AND IN SERVITUDE,
THE LOST SOULS
GATHER...



...TO BRING ANOTHER
OF THEIR OWN...



...INTO RECKONING WITH
THE MASTER.

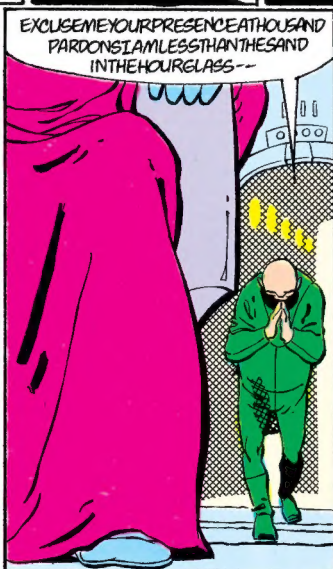


A LOGICAL MOVE.
COMPLIMENTS
ARE GIVEN.

TAP
TAP



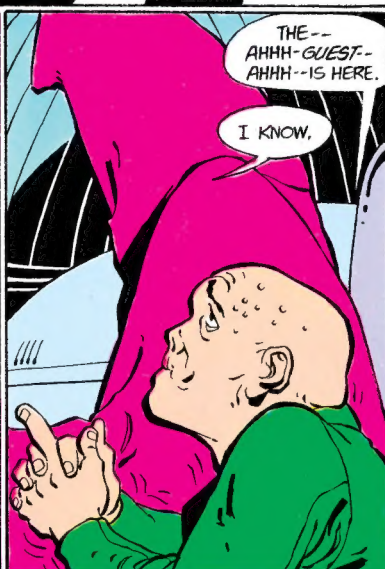
I AM ESPECIALLY
HONORED
CONSIDERING THE
SOURCE.



EXCUSE ME YOUR PRESENCE A THOUSAND
PARDONS I AM LESS THAN THE SAND
IN THE HOUR GLASS--



YES.
WELL?

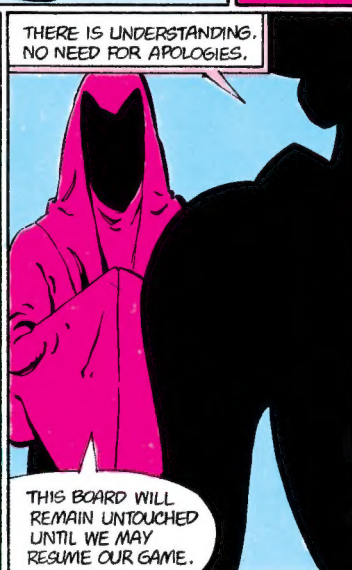


THE--
AHHH-GUEST--
AHHH--IS HERE.

I KNOW.

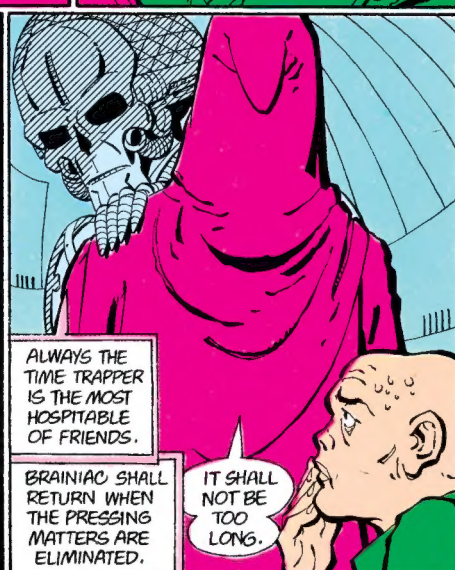


I MUST EXCUSE
MYSELF. THERE
ARE PRESSING
MATTERS TO
WHICH I MUST
ATTEND.



THERE IS UNDERSTANDING.
NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES.

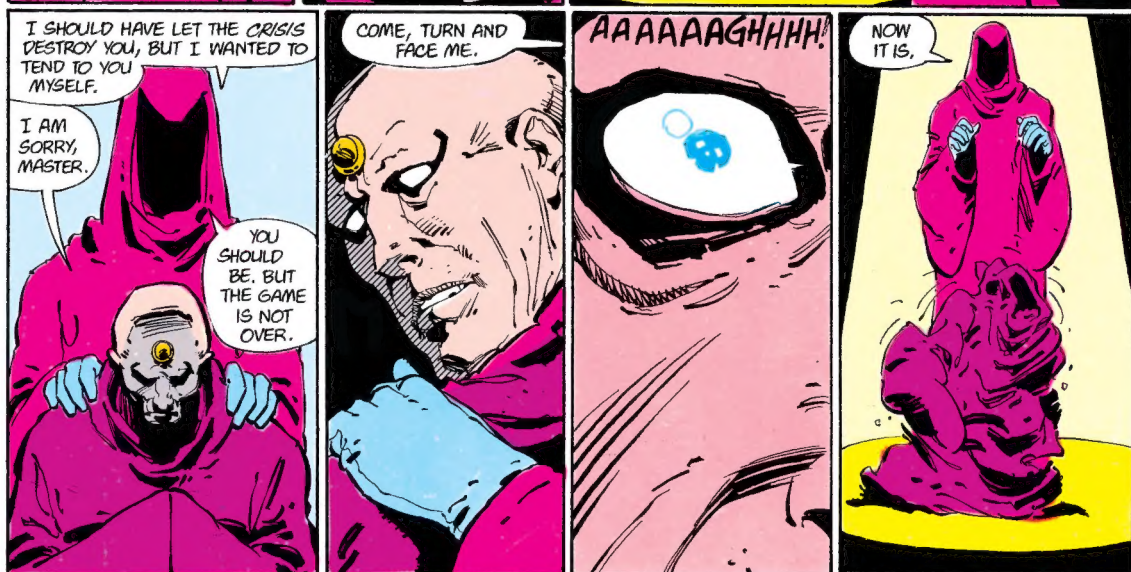
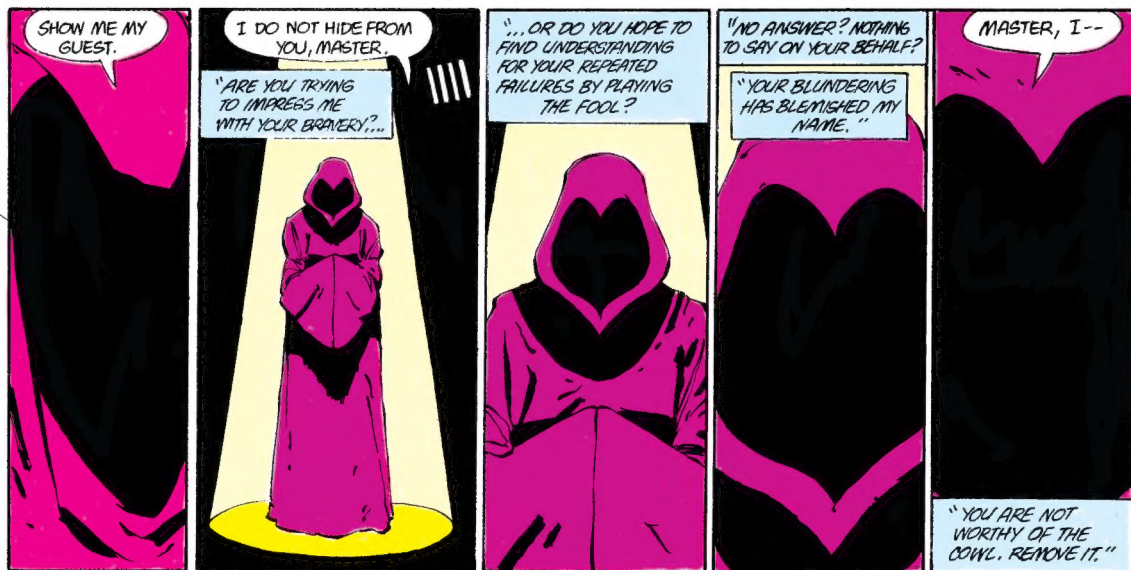
THIS BOARD WILL
REMAIN UNTOUCHED
UNTIL WE MAY
RESUME OUR GAME.

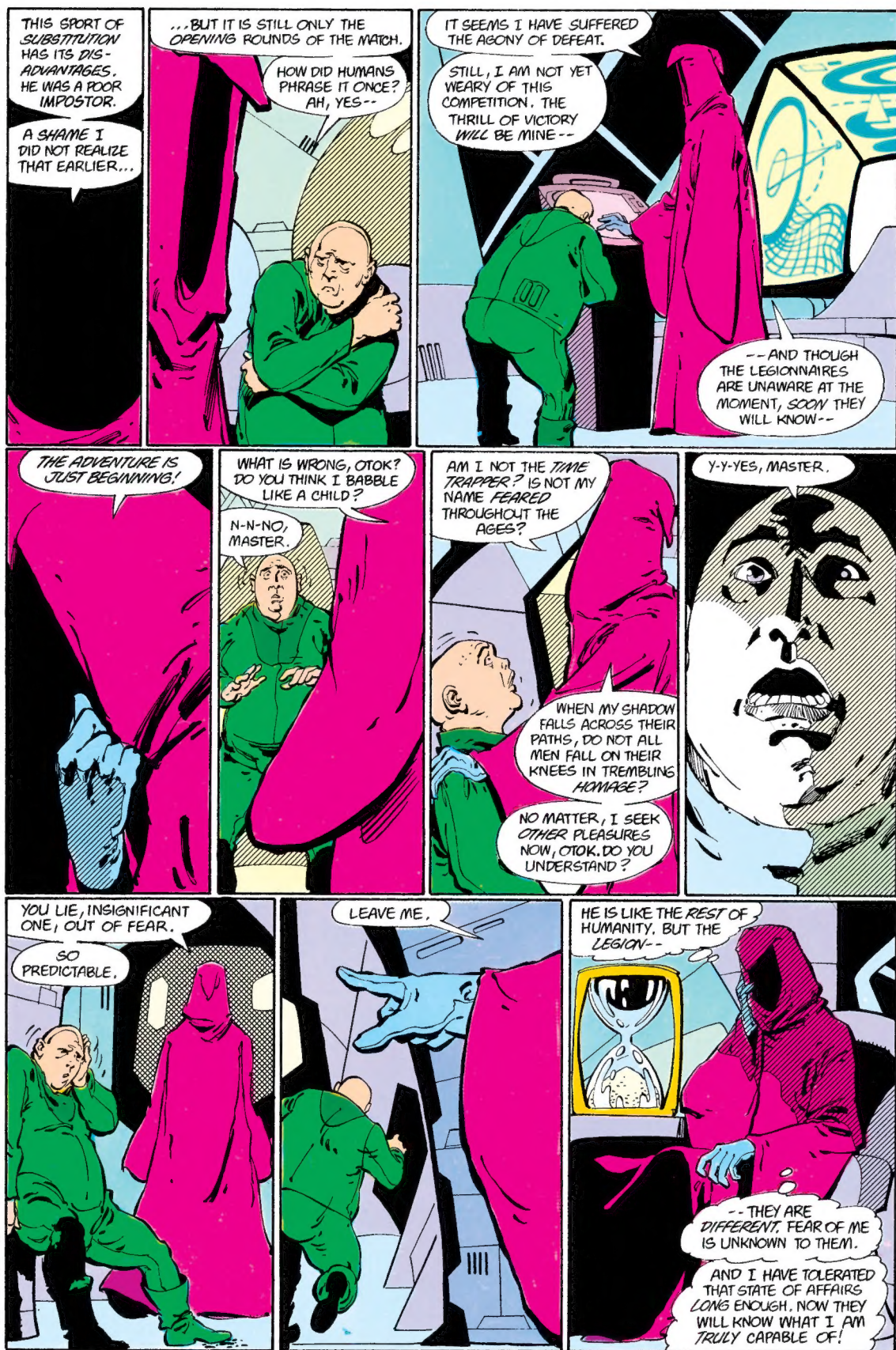


ALWAYS THE
TIME TRAPPER
IS THE MOST
HOSPITABLE
OF FRIENDS.

BRAINAC SHALL
RETURN WHEN
THE PRESSING
MATTERS ARE
ELIMINATED.

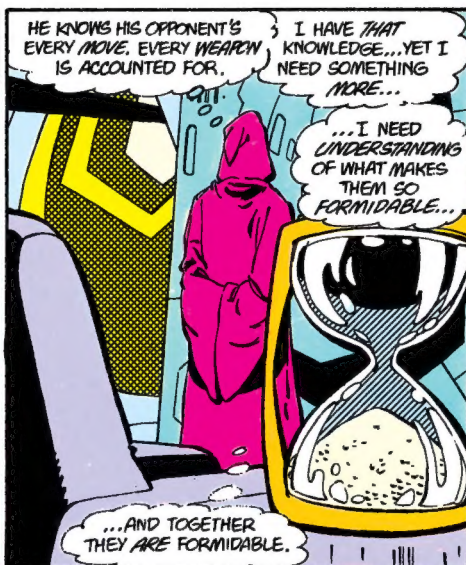
IT SHALL
NOT BE
TOO
LONG.







IF I AM TO TAKE ON THE LEGION, I MUST BE PREPARED. NO TRUE SPORTSMAN ENTERS THE ARENA UNARMED.



HE KNOWS HIS OPPONENT'S EVERY MOVE. EVERY WEAPON IS ACCOUNTED FOR.

I HAVE THAT KNOWLEDGE...YET I NEED SOMETHING MORE...

...I NEED UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT MAKES THEM SO FORMIDABLE...

...AND TOGETHER THEY ARE FORMIDABLE.



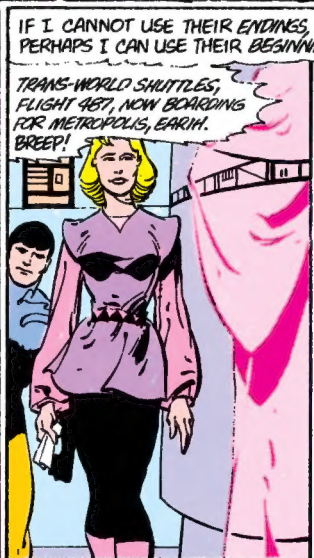
A PITY ALL HISTORICAL RECORDS WERE LONG AGO DESTROYED, FOR THEIR ULTIMATE DESTINY WAS RECORDED, AS I RECALL. BUT THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO IT ARE LOST TO ME.

I COULD GO TO THE PAST TO GATHER WHAT I NEED...



...BUT THAT WOULD BE CHEATING, TAKING UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

I WILL PLAY THEM FAIRLY, OR NOT AT ALL.



IF I CANNOT USE THEIR ENDINGS, PERHAPS I CAN USE THEIR BEGINNINGS...

TRANS-WORLD SHUTTLES, FLIGHT 487, NOW BOARDING FOR METROPOLIS, EARTH. BEEP!



WOW, DID YOU SEE THAT BLONDE? I THINK I'M IN LOVE!

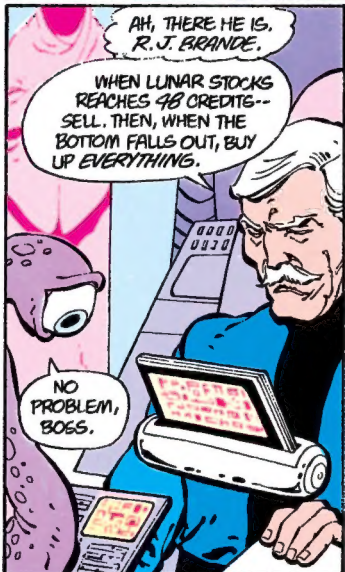
CALM DOWN, FELLA. YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE LINE.

SIDES, IF YOU MOVE FAST ENOUGH, MAYBE YOU'LL GET TO SIT NEXT TO HER.



SO ALL THE KNIGHTS ASSEMBLED.

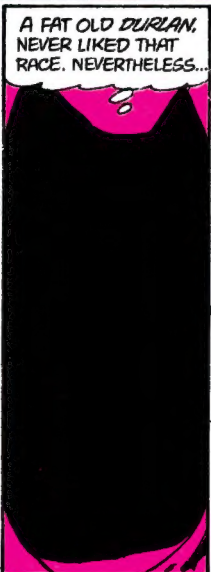
BUT WHERE IS THE PAWNI?



AH, THERE HE IS. R.J. BRANDE.

WHEN LUNAR STOCKS REACHES 48 CREDITS-- SELL. THEN, WHEN THE BOTTOM FALLS OUT, BUY UP EVERYTHING.

NO PROBLEM, BOSS.



A FAT OLD DURLAN. NEVER LIKED THAT RACE. NEVERTHELESS...

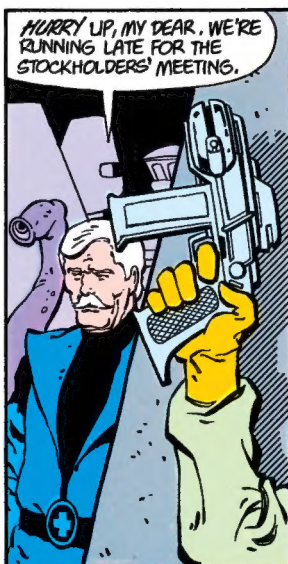


...HIS WEALTH WOULD PLAY A PART IN THE FATEFUL MOMENT.

SSSH. HERE HE COMES.

BRANDE--?

OF COURSE, YOU IDIOT. RIGHT AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE. THIS'LL BE EASY.



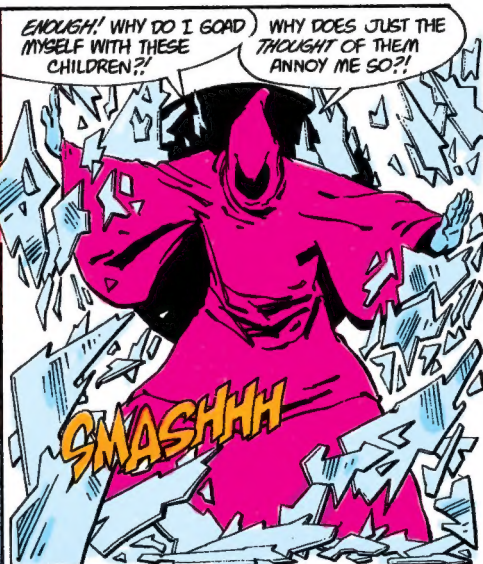
HURRY UP, MY DEAR. WE'RE RUNNING LATE FOR THE STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.



MR. BRANDE! NO! STOP!

THEY'LL KILL YOU!!

HUH?



ENOUGH! WHY DO I GOAD MYSELF WITH THESE CHILDREN?!

WHY DOES JUST THE THOUGHT OF THEM ANNOY ME SO?!

SMASHHH



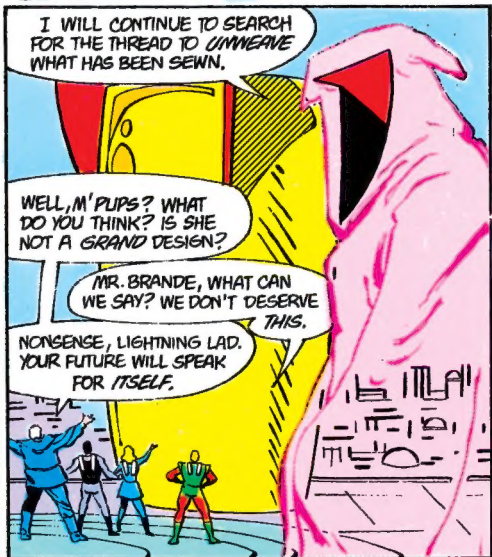
CURSE YOU FATES THAT SPUN THIS CLOTH!

WHY AM I DRIVEN TO PLAY THESE GAMES WITH THEM?!



NO. MUST NOT LET EMOTION RULE. I SHOULD BE THANKFUL THE LEGION EXISTS.

THERE IS LITTLE ENOUGH THAT AMUSES ME.



I WILL CONTINUE TO SEARCH FOR THE THREAD TO UNRAVE WHAT HAS BEEN SEWN.

WELL, M' PUPS? WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS SHE NOT A GRAND DESIGN?

MR. BRANDE, WHAT CAN WE SAY? WE DON'T DESERVE THIS.

NONSENSE, LIGHTNING LAD. YOUR FUTURE WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF.



YES. YOU WERE ALWAYS THE ONE FILLED WITH DOUBT, GARTH RANZZ.

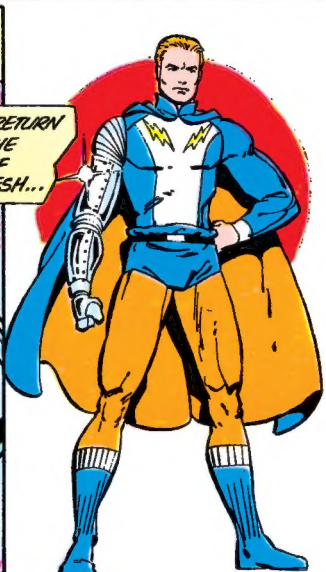


OF COURSE! MY WEAK THREAD!



"HE IS THE LEGIONNAIRE WHO ESCAPED FROM A LIFE THAT OVERWHELMED HIM..."

"...ONLY TO RETURN TO SUFFER THE FRAILTIES OF MORTAL FLESH..."



"... AND MIND.

"HOW WELL LIGHTNING
LAD HAS HIDDEN HIS INNER
TORMENTS DOWN THROUGH
THE YEARS. EVEN HIS
BELOVED WIFE, FOR ALL
HER VAUNTED TELEPATHY,
HAS NOT SEEN HER HUSBAND'S
TRUE NATURE.

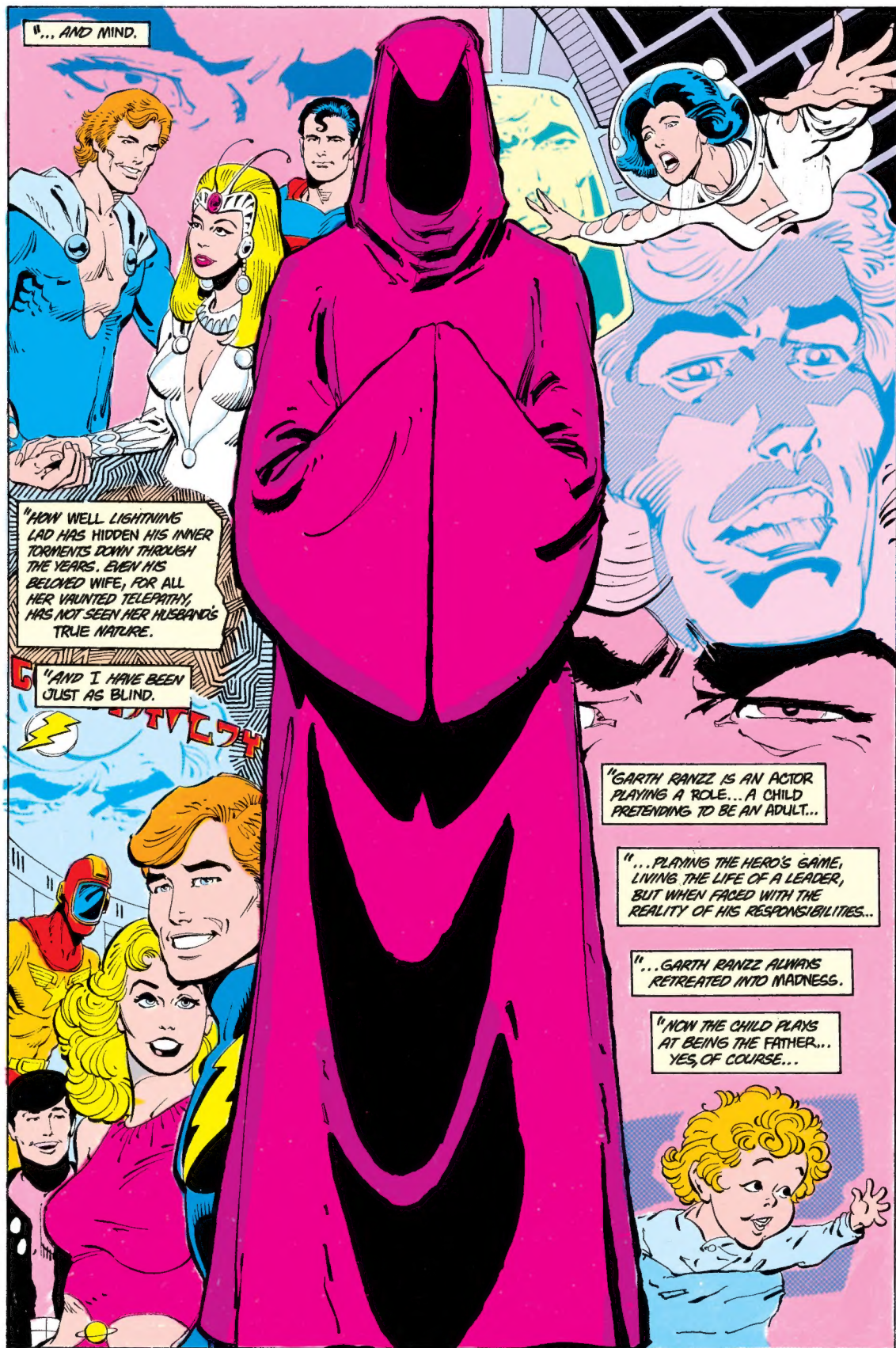
"AND I HAVE BEEN
JUST AS BLIND.

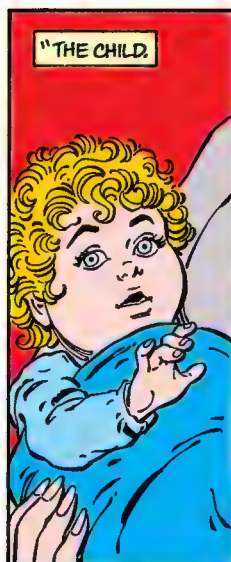
"GARTH RANZZ IS AN ACTOR
PLAYING A ROLE... A CHILD
PRETENDING TO BE AN ADULT...

"...PLAYING THE HERO'S GAME,
LIVING THE LIFE OF A LEADER,
BUT WHEN FACED WITH THE
REALITY OF HIS RESPONSIBILITIES...

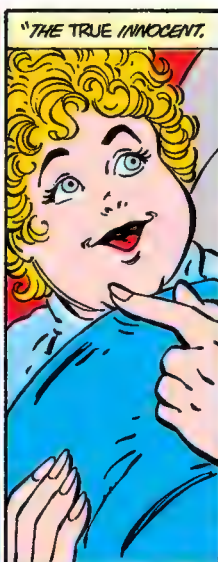
"...GARTH RANZZ ALWAYS
RETIRED INTO MADNESS.

"NOW THE CHILD PLAYS
AT BEING THE FATHER...
YES, OF COURSE...





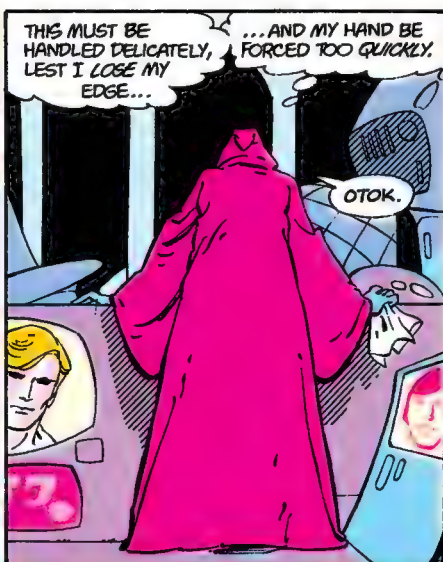
"THE CHILD."



"THE TRUE INNOCENT."



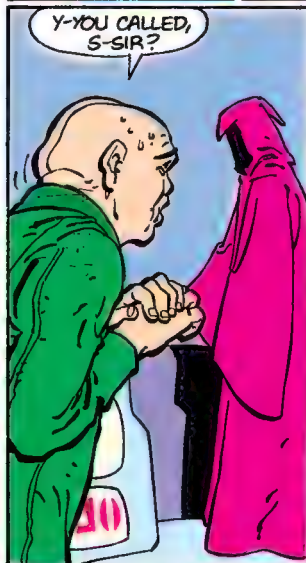
"AND THE SWEET CATALYST."



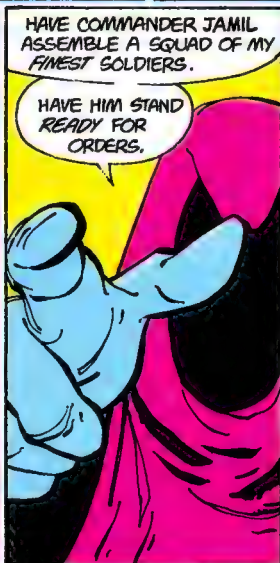
"THIS MUST BE HANDLED DELICATELY, LEST I LOSE MY EDGE..."

"...AND MY HAND BE FORCED TOO QUICKLY."

"OTOK."

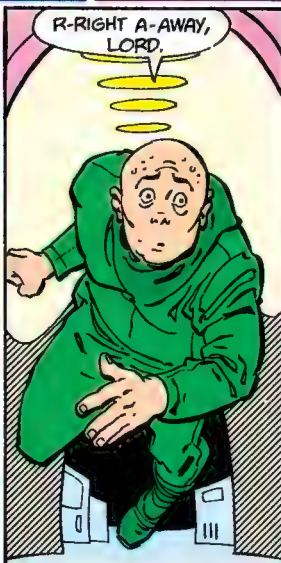


"Y-YOU CALLED, S-SIR?"



"HAVE COMMANDER JAMIL ASSEMBLE A SQUAD OF MY FINEST SOLDIERS."

"HAVE HIM STAND READY FOR ORDERS."

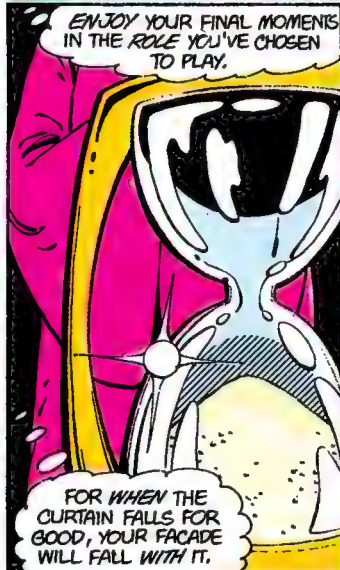


"R-RIGHT A-AWAY, LORD."

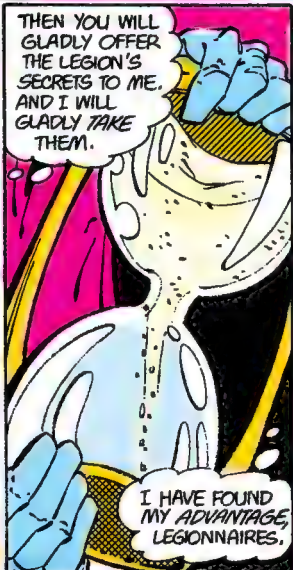


"NOW THE PLAY COMMENCES."

"BUT THIS TIME THE CURTAIN RISES FOR THE LAST ACT, GARTH RANZZ."



"ENJOY YOUR FINAL MOMENTS IN THE ROLE YOU'VE CHOSEN TO PLAY."



"THEN YOU WILL GLADLY OFFER THE LEGION'S SECRETS TO ME, AND I WILL GLADLY TAKE THEM."

"I HAVE FOUND MY ADVANTAGE, LEGIONNAIRES."

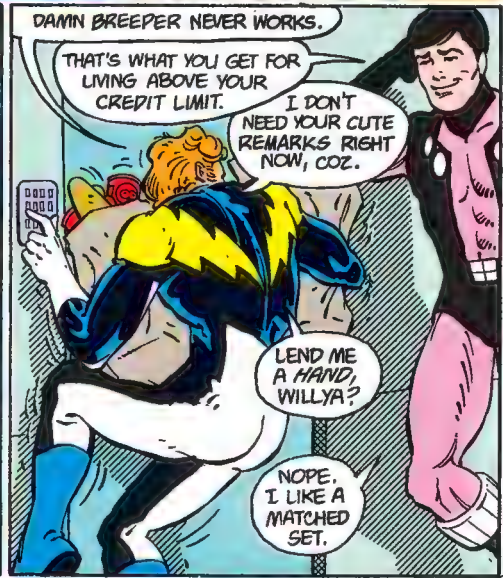
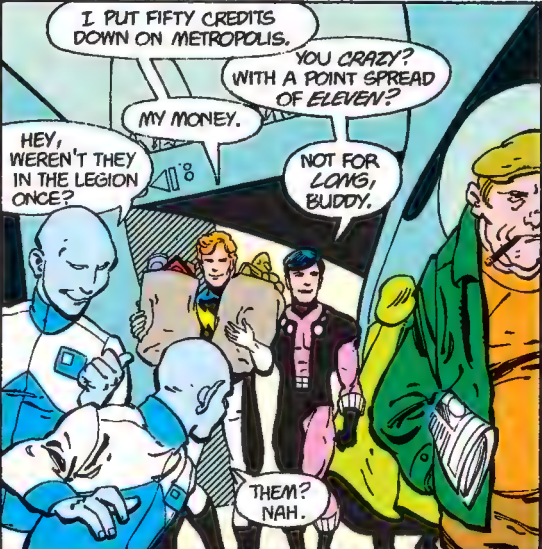
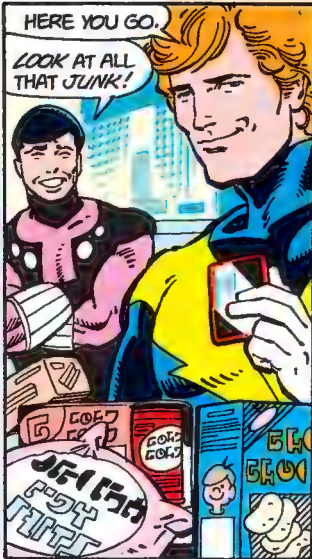
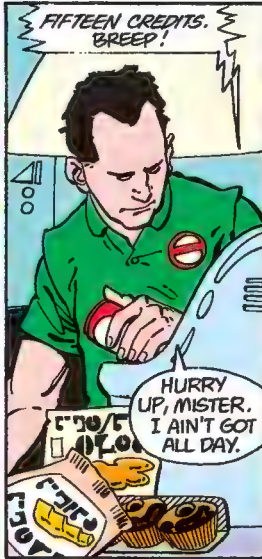


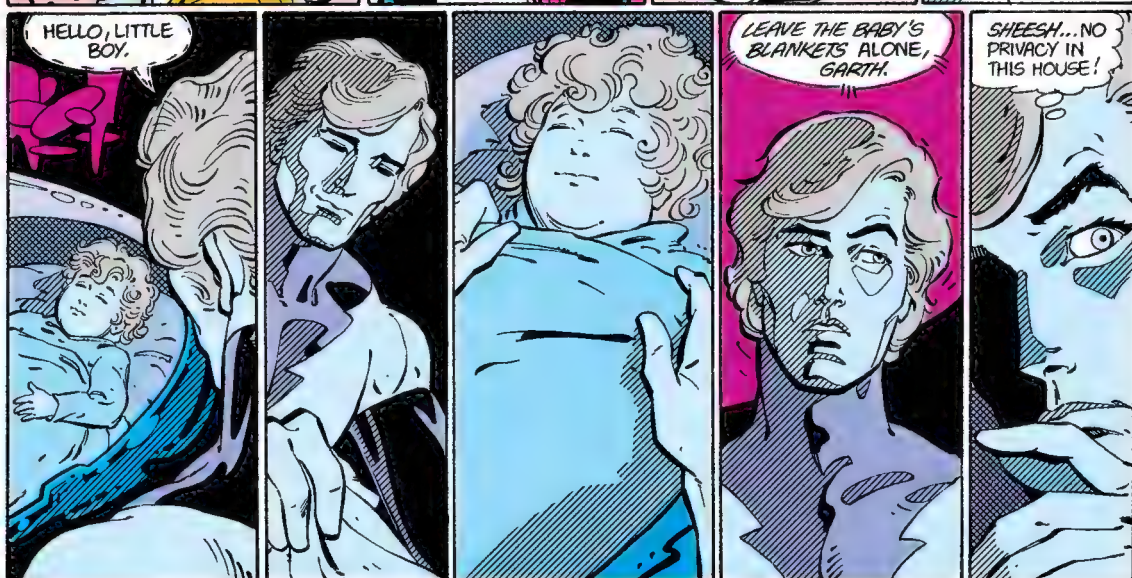
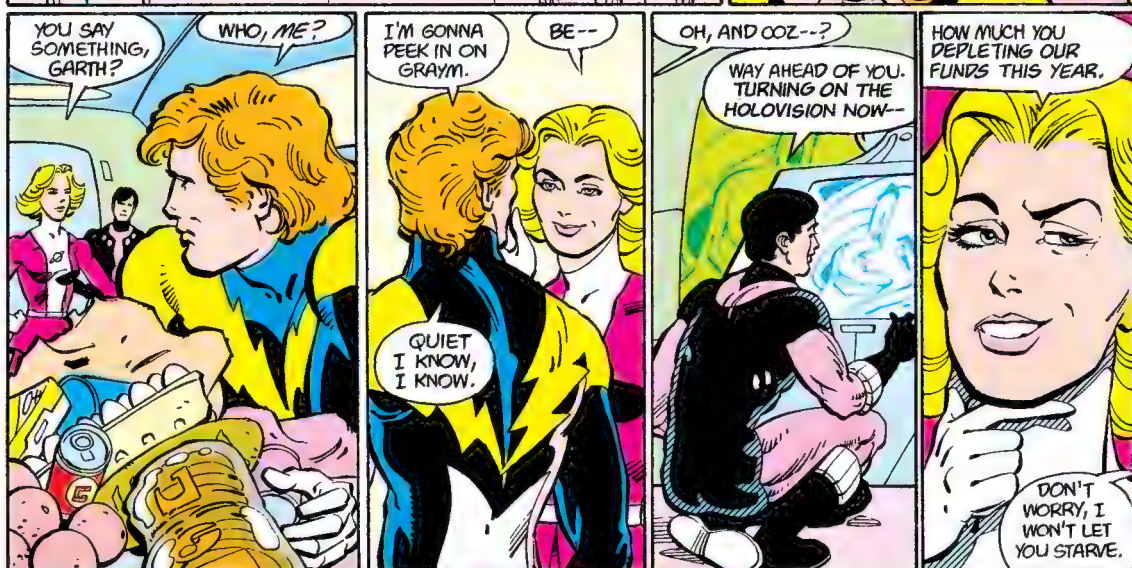
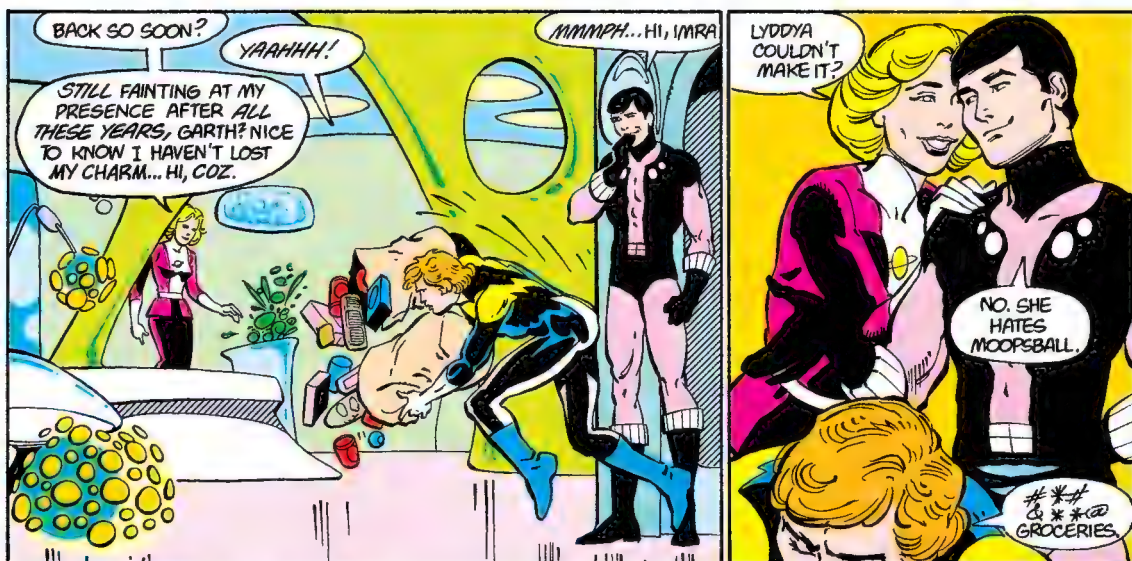
"GARTH RANZZ IS THE GAME PLAN I WILL USE TO DESTROY YOU!"

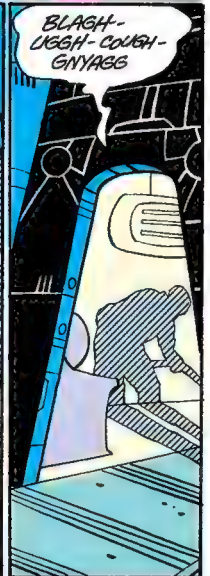
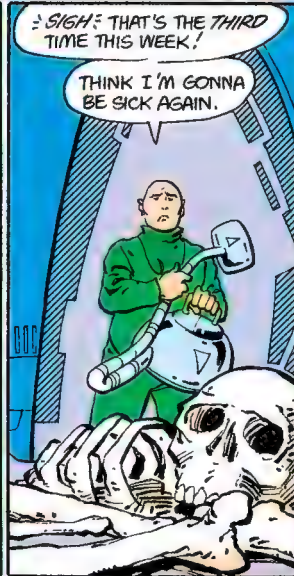
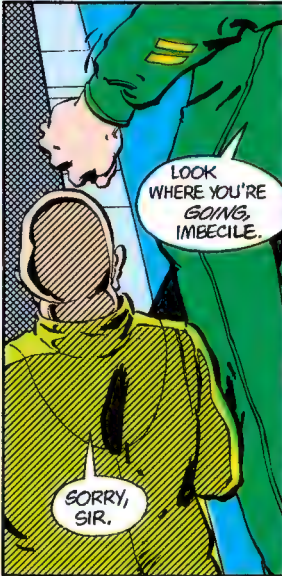
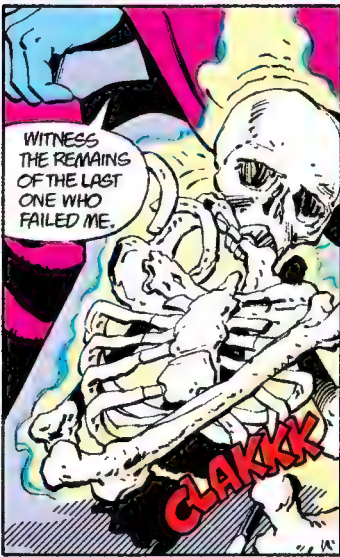
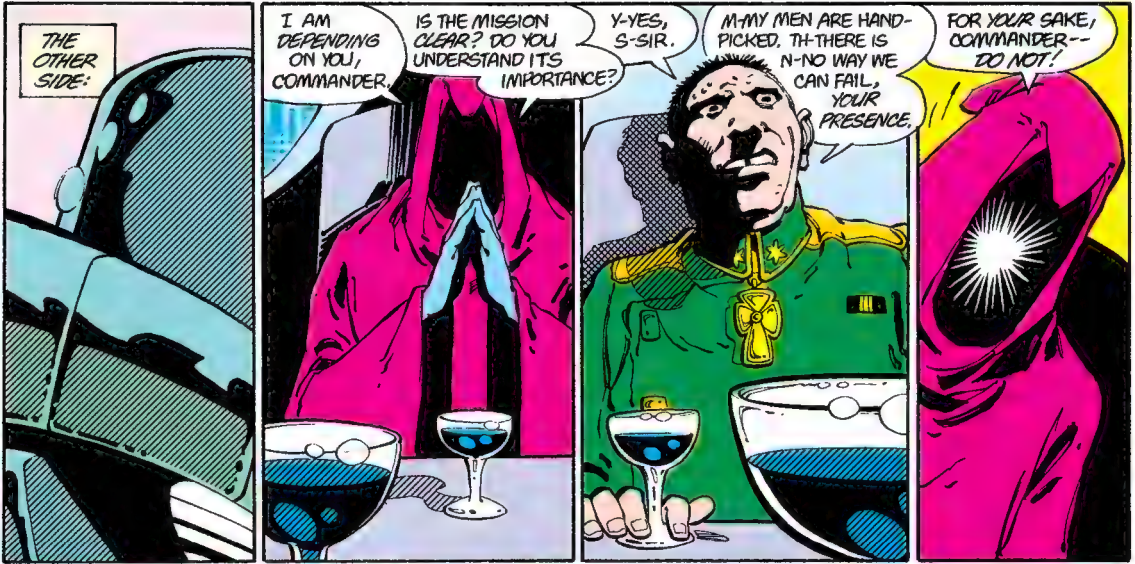


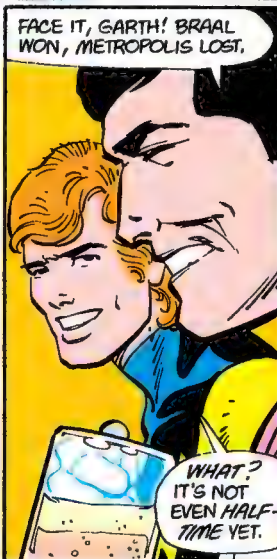
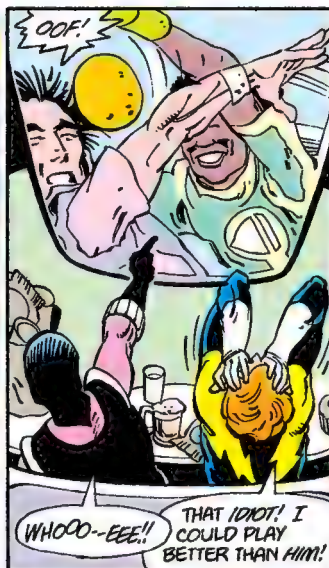
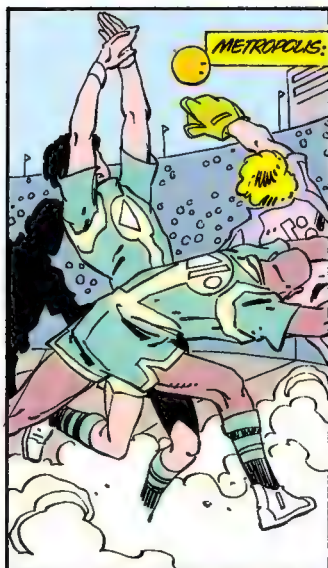
"METROPOLIS: AS THE CITY PLAYS HOST TO THOUSANDS OF FANS ARRIVING IN ANTICIPATION OF MOORSBALL WEEKEND, TEMPER AND TENSIONS ARE RISING.

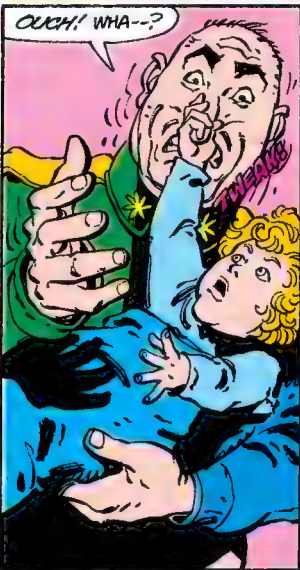
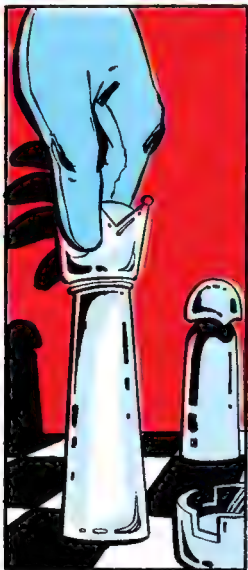
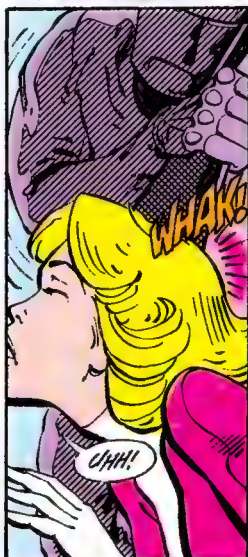
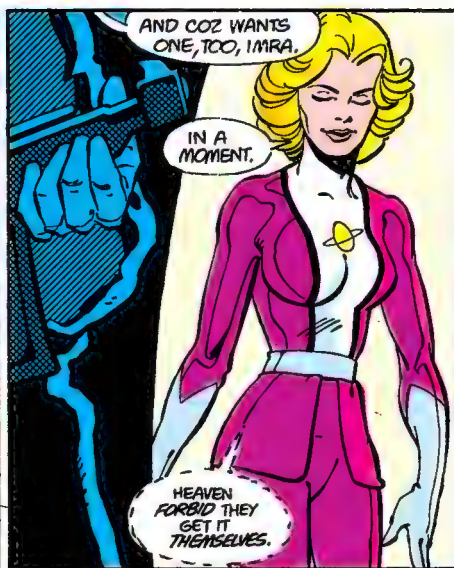
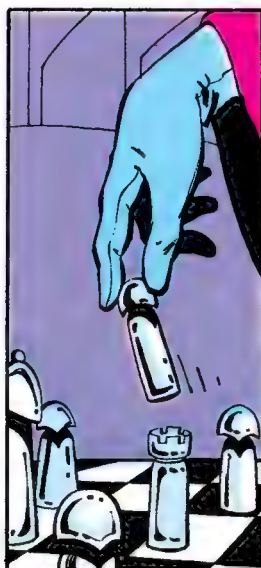
"SCALPTRONS ARE REPORTEDLY GETTING 1000 CREDITS A TICKET, AND SCORES ARE CAMPED AROUND METROPOLIS STADIUM. A FEW MINOR FIST-FIGHTS HAVE ERUPTED, BUT THE SCIENCE POLICE HAVE BEEN ON ALERT."
U.P. NEWS--
SPORTS UPDATE

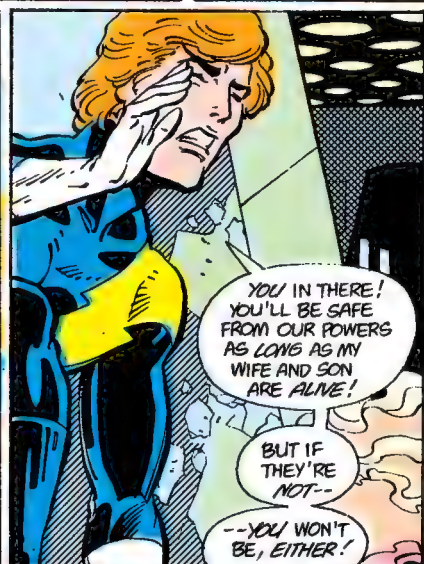
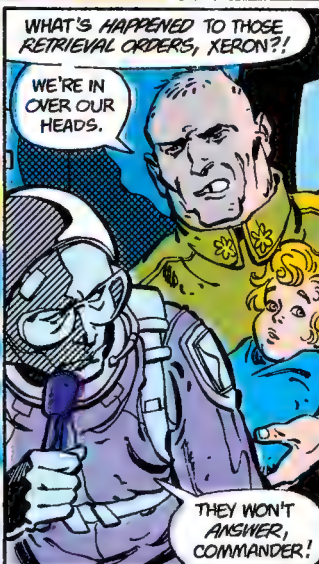
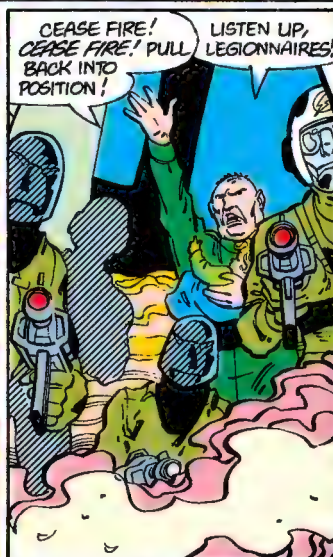
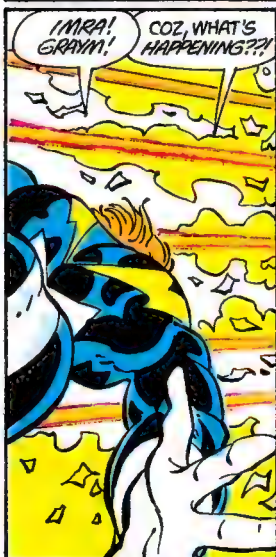
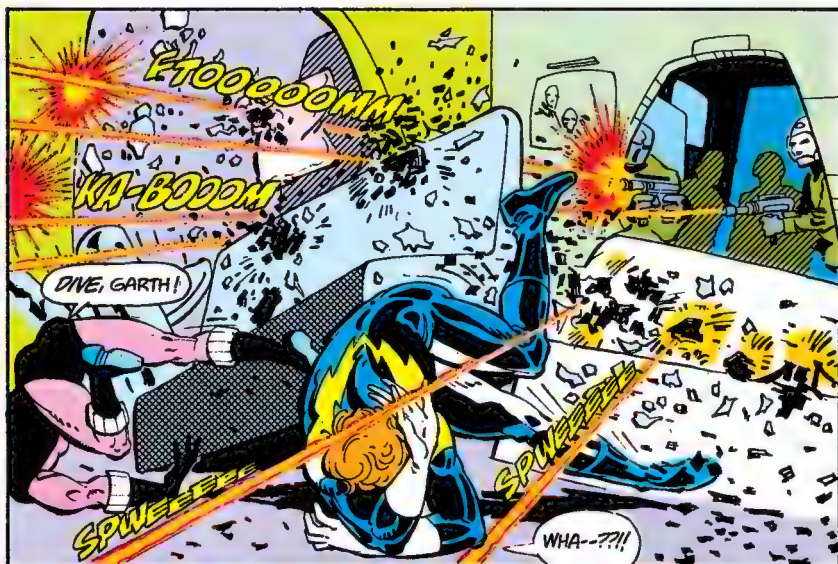


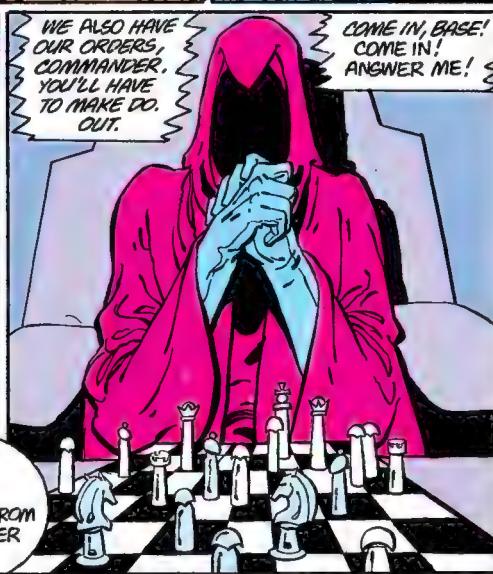
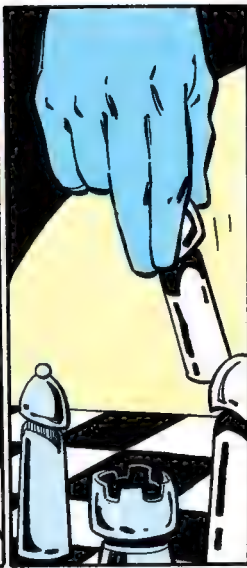


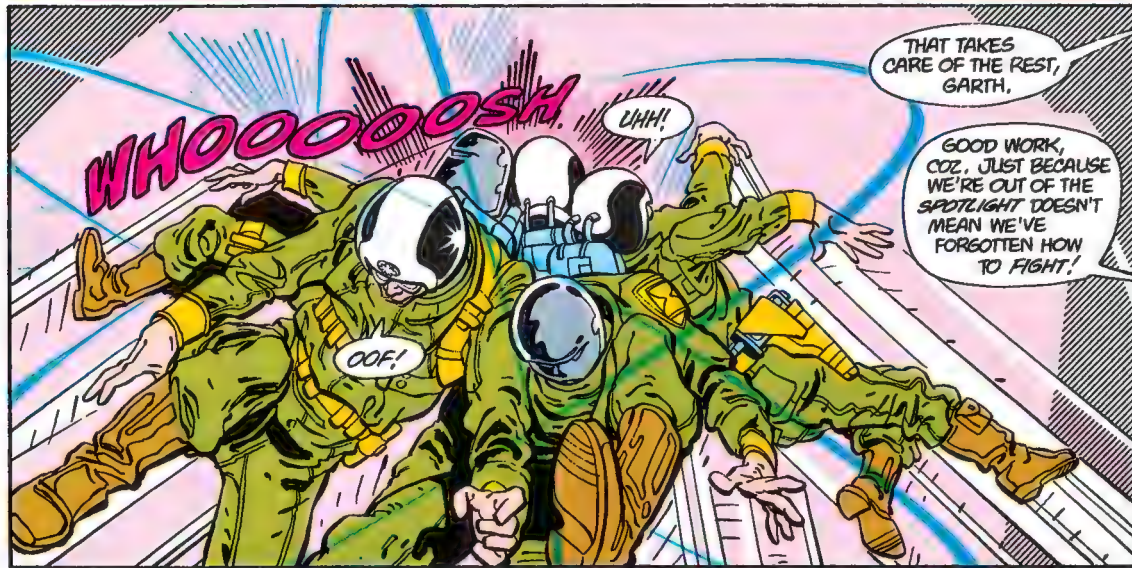
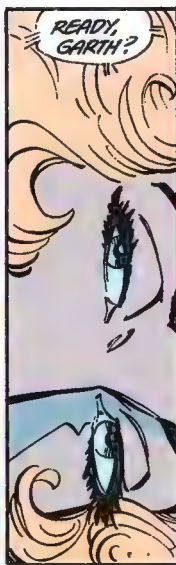
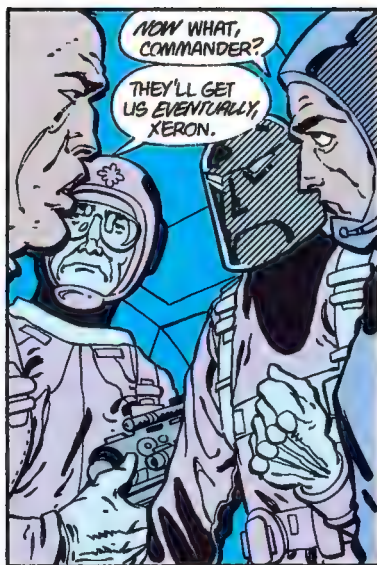


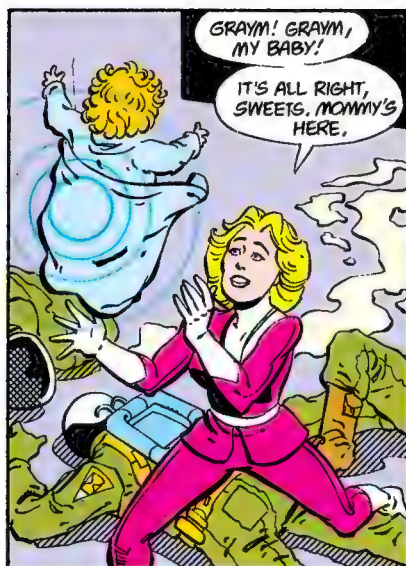






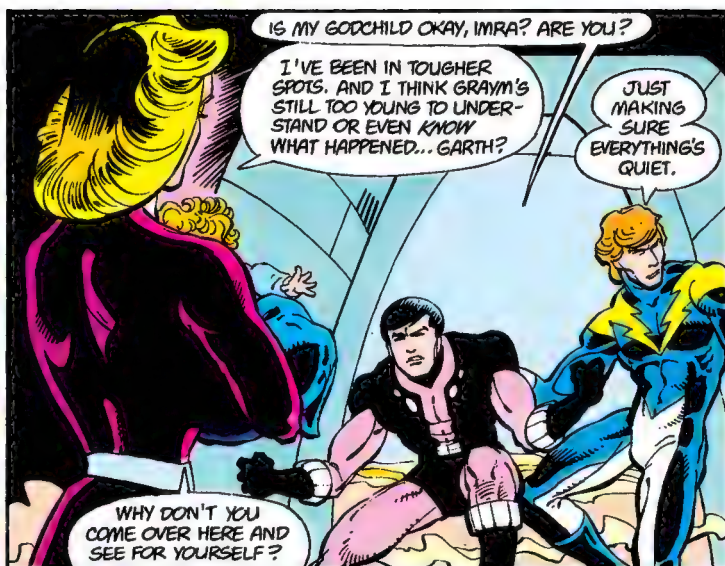






GRAYM! GRAYM,
MY BABY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
SWEETS. MOMMY'S
HERE.

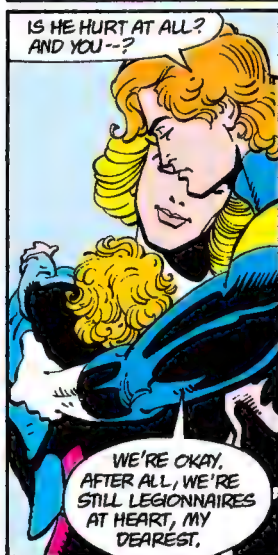


IS MY GODCHILD OKAY, IMRA? ARE YOU?

I'VE BEEN IN TOUGHER
SPOTS. AND I THINK GRAYM'S
STILL TOO YOUNG TO UNDER-
STAND OR EVEN KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED... GARTH?

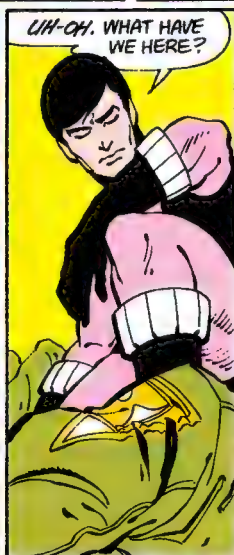
JUST
MAKING
SURE
EVERYTHING'S
QUIET.

WHY DON'T YOU
COME OVER HERE AND
SEE FOR YOURSELF?



IS HE HURT AT ALL?
AND YOU--?

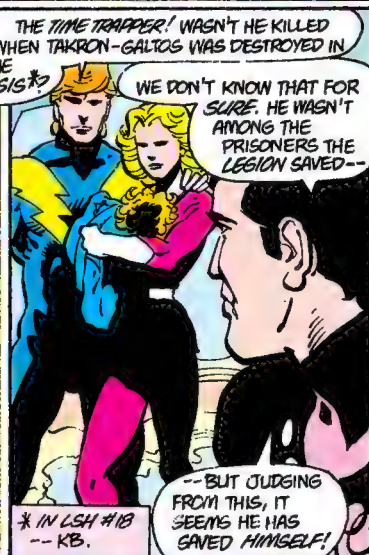
WE'RE OKAY.
AFTER ALL, WE'RE
STILL LEGIONNAIRES
AT HEART, MY
DEAREST.



UH-OH. WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?



GET A LOOK AT THE
INSIGNIA ON THIS
CREEP'S UNIFORM,
GANG.



THE TIME TRAPPER! WASN'T HE KILLED
WHEN TAKRON-GALTOS WAS DESTROYED IN
THE CRISIS?

WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR
SURE. HE WASN'T
AMONG THE PRISONERS THE
LEGION SAVED--

* IN LSH #13
--KB.

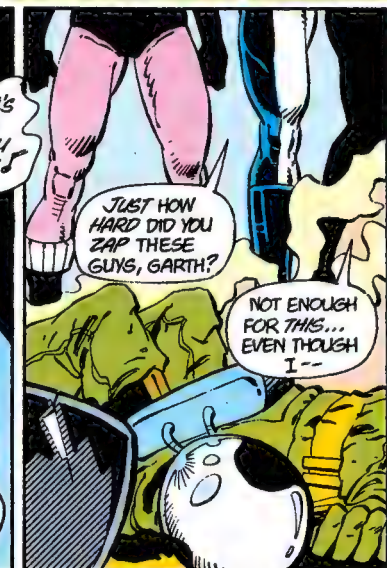
--BUT JUDGING
FROM THIS, IT
SEEMS HE HAS
SAVED HIMSELF!



BUT WHY US? WE'RE NOT
EVEN IN THE LEGION,
ANYMORE.

MOMMY'S
GONNA
SING YOU
A LULLABY!

DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE.



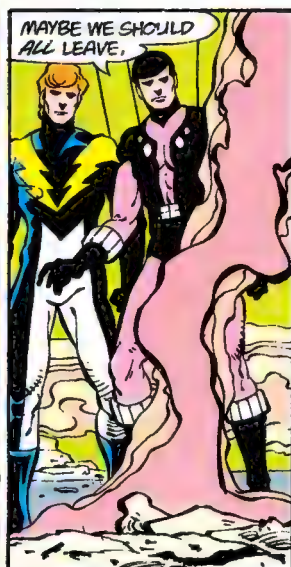
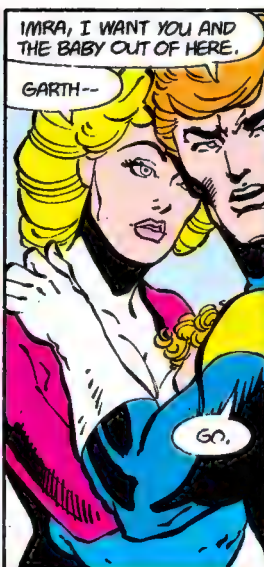
JUST HOW
HARD DID YOU
ZAP THESE
GUYS, GARTH?

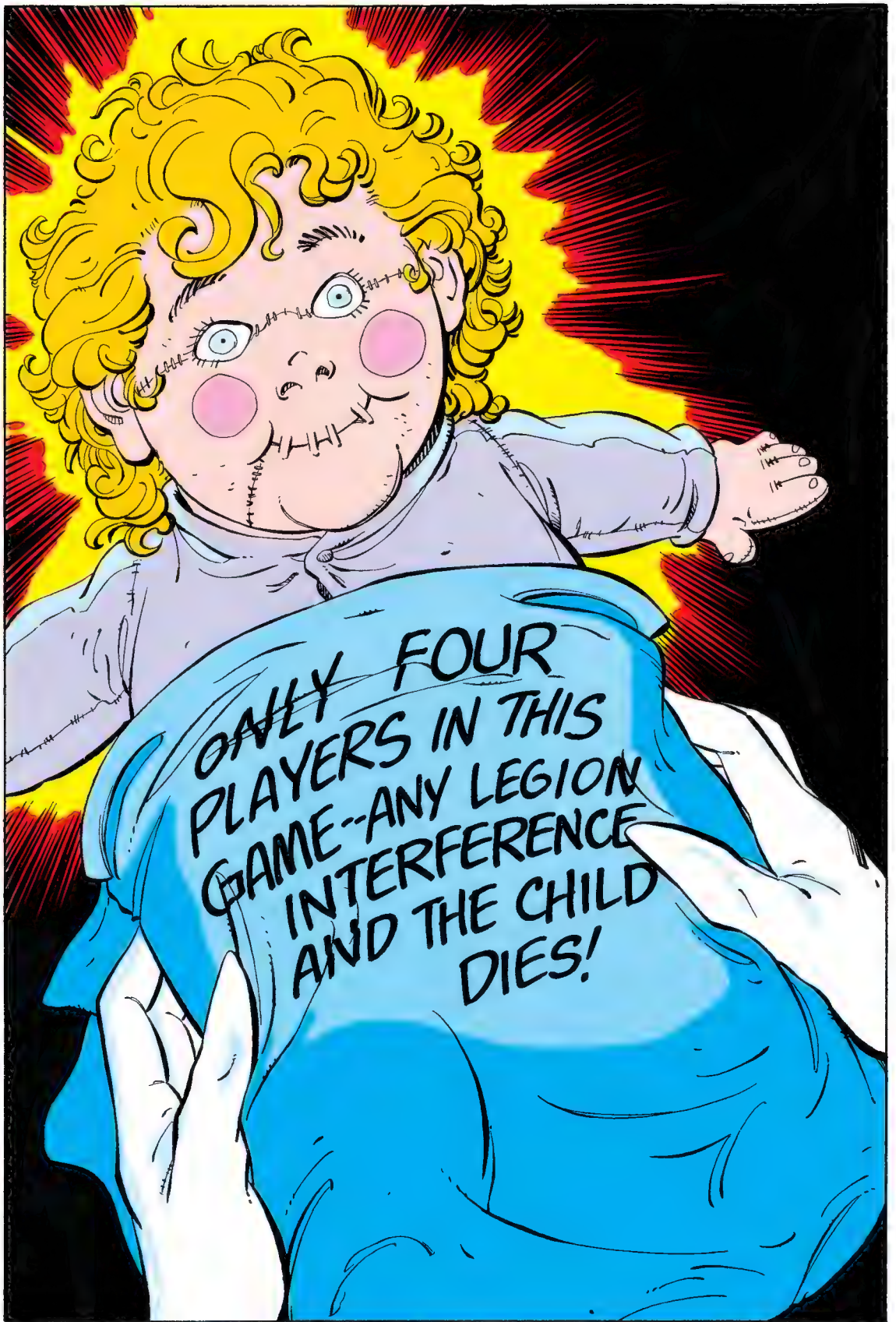
NOT ENOUGH
FOR THIS...
EVEN THOUGH
I--

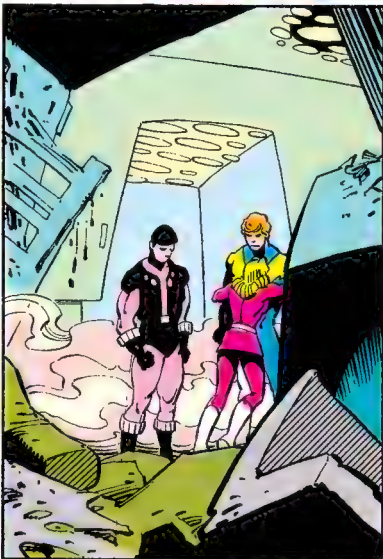
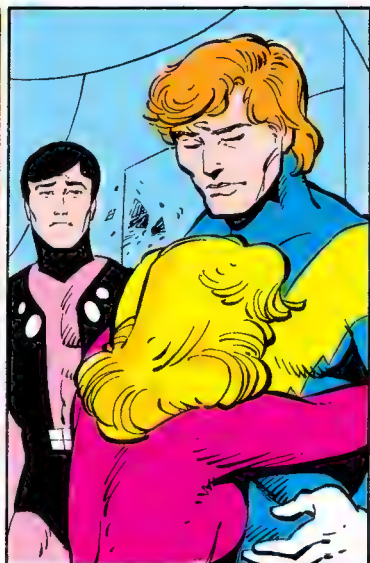
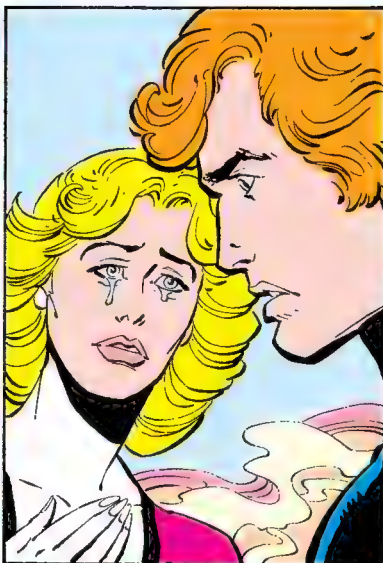
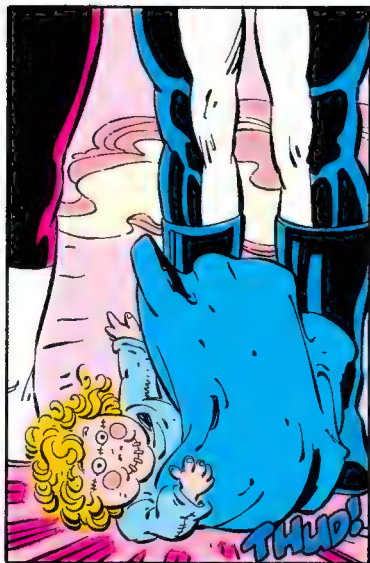


LOOK
OUT!

FWOOSH!









KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT/DESIGNER
MINDY NEWELL
DIALOGUE
ERNIE COLÓN
PENCILLER
KARL KESEL
INKER
JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD
COLORIST
KAREN BERGER
EDITOR

NEXT: THE LEGIONNAIRES THREE BREAK THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN OF TIME TO SAVE GRAYM! BUT CAN THEY SAVE THEMSELVES?



A PART MINI SERIES

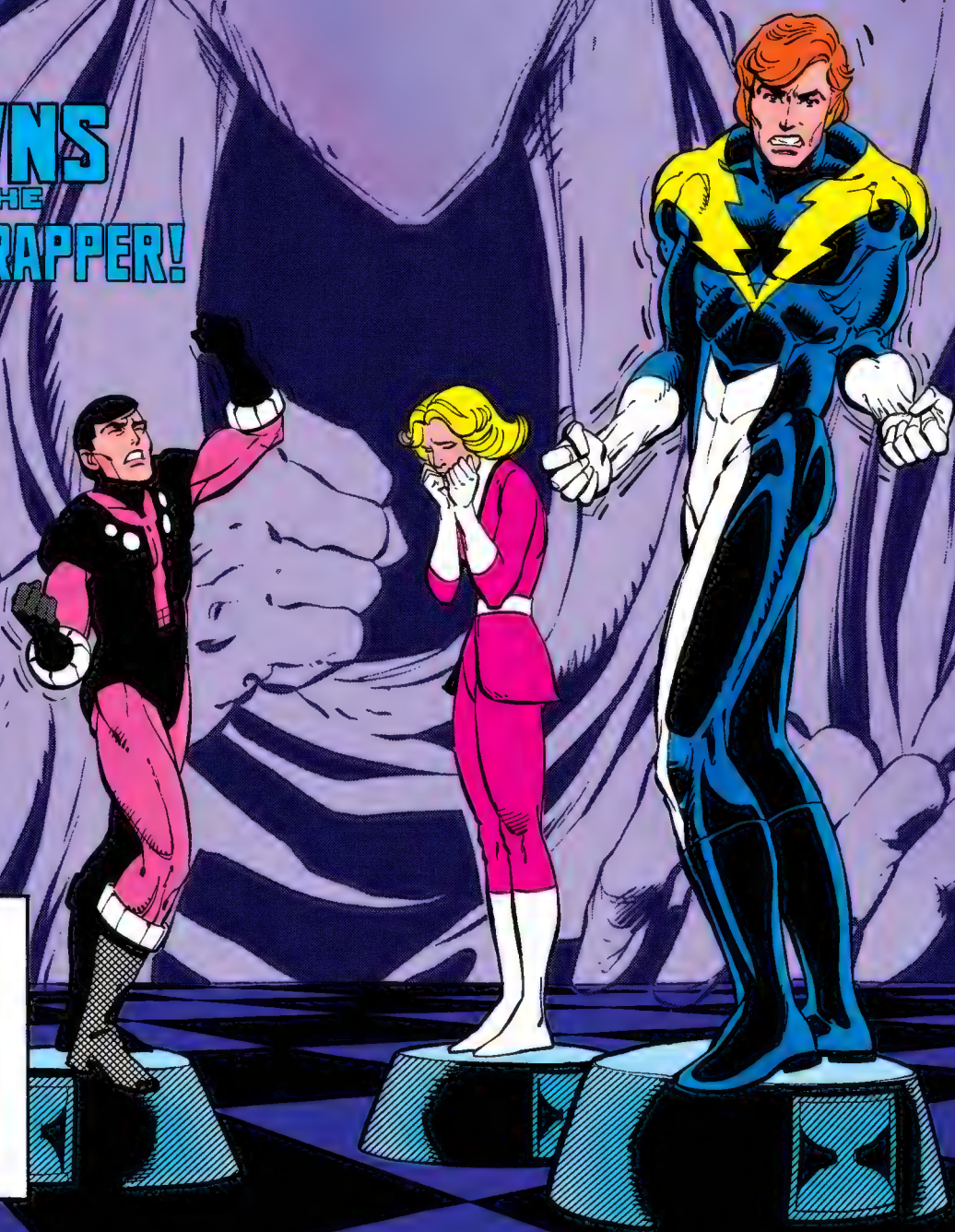
LEGIIONNAIRES 3

2
MAR. 86

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

CAS
AUTHORITY

PAWNS
OF THE
TIME TRAPPER!



LEGIONNAIRES 3

FROM HELL TO ETERNITY

EARTH, 2985 A.D.:

GRAYM.

"NO, YOU CAN'T COME
OVER TODAY... WHY?
BECAUSE IT'S JUST NOT
A GOOD DAY..."

HE HAD NO
RIGHT TO
TAKE YOU.

"GRAYM'S TEETHING, AND IMRA
WAS UP ALL NIGHT WITH HIM... YES,
SHE'S EXHAUSTED... NO, THAT'S NOT
NECESSARY, I'M SENDING FOR A
NUTRI-DROID LATER..."

THE TIME TRAPPER'S
FEUD IS WITH THE
LEGION--WITH US.

"... NO, LOOK, I APPRECIATE
THE OFFER, BUT WE REALLY
JUST WANT TO BE ALONE TODAY.
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?"

IT'S SO UNFAIR!
WE LEFT THE LEGION
TO BE WITH YOU AND
NOW YOU'RE... GONE.



BUT WE'RE COMING, GRAYM.
ALL OF US.

...YES, I KNOW HE'S YOUR
NEPHEW AND THAT YOU LOVE HIM
TOO, BUT BELIEVE ME, HE'S NOT
VERY LOVABLE RIGHT NOW...

ME, DADDY, AND
UNCLE ROKK. WE'RE
COMING TO BRING
YOU HOME, GRAYM.

...OH, YEAH? YOU
THINK A COLICKY,
SCREAMING BABY WHO
SPITS UP ON YOU IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
IS EASY?...

JUST BE A GOOD BOY 'TIL WE
GET THERE, GRAYM. DON'T MAKE
THE TRAPPER ANGRY. DON'T
GRAB HIS NOSE--

...SINCE WHEN
ARE YOU AN EXPERT
ON BABIES?... SOMEHOW
I DON'T THINK BABY-
SITTING AT THE
COMMUNE FOR
FIVE-YEAR-
OLDS COUNTS...

OH, GOD, DON'T
LET HIM GRAB
HIS NOSE!!

I'M SORRY. WHEN I NEED
YOUR HELP, I'LL ASK FOR IT!

AH,
DAMN!

CLIK
BREEP

GARTH?
WHO?

AYLA. SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO COME
OVER TODAY, REMEMBER?

I FORGOT.

ME, TOO. :SIGH: I GOT
A LITTLE SNIDE WITH HER,
BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I
DO? WE HAVE TO MEET
COZ SOON.

I FEEL LIKE A HEEL.

YOU HAD NO
CHOICE. WE
HAVE NO
CHOICE.

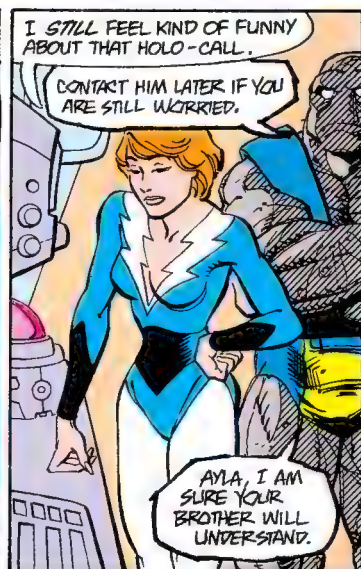
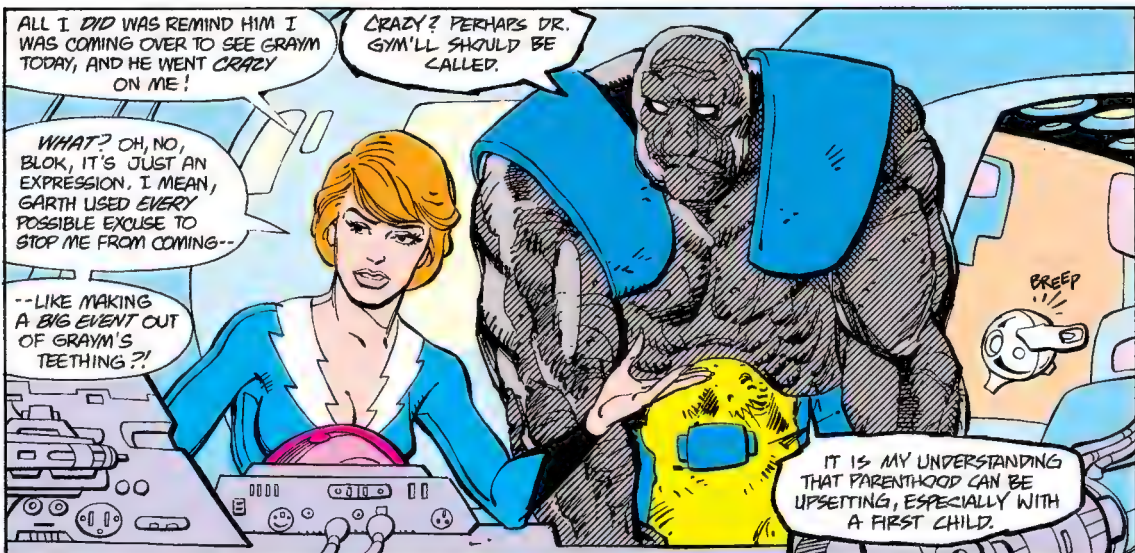
"THE LEGION HAS TO STAY OUT
OF THIS."

I SWEAR, IF
HE WEREN'T
MY BROTHER,
I'D--

SOMETHING
IS WRONG,
LIGHTNING
LASS?

YES... NO... I
DON'T KNOW!

THAT WAS MY
BROTHER ON
THE PHONE.
HE SOUNDED
FUNNY... NOT
HIMSELF,
SOMEHOW.



METROPOLIS UNIVERSITY: LOCATED IN THE HISTORIC BOSTON SECTOR, ML BLENDS A RESPECT FOR THE PAST WITH VISIONS OF THE LIMITLESS FUTURE. STUDENTS MAY PICK FROM OVER 2,000 MAJORS, RANGING FROM ABIOTENESIS TO XENOCHOROLOGY. EXTRACURRICULAR SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES ABOUND, WITH MAGNO-BALL BECOMING AN OBSESSION EVERY FALL. -- UNIVERSITIES FOR THE UNIVERSAL STUDENT



YOU MUST REALIZE THIS IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME, ROKK. THE TERM HAS BARELY BEGUN.

HOW CAN I, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE, GRANT YOU A LEAVE OF ABSENCE NOW?

IF YOU HAD COME TO ME TWO WEEKS AGO, SOMETHING COULD HAVE BEEN ARRANGED --

IT WAS VERY SUDDEN, SIR, AND OF A HIGHLY PERSONAL NATURE.

I UNDERSTAND THAT, ROKK, BUT IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT EARN ITS KEEP.

THAT MEANS WINNING SEASONS, ROKK, AND I WAS COUNTING ON YOUR COACHING THE MAGNO-BALL TEAM TO VICTORY.

I KNOW THAT, SIR, AND I KNOW I'M PUTTING YOU IN AN AWKWARD POSITION --

;-SIGH- NEVER MIND. YOU'VE NEVER LET ME DOWN BEFORE, ROKK, AND AFTER ALL YOU ARE A FORMER LEGIONNAIRE --

--AND I TRUST YOUR REASONS ARE GOOD, WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR LEAVE, JUST PROMISE ME ONE THING.

GIVE ME THE CHAMPIONSHIP THIS YEAR. IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET THE DEAN OFF MY BACK ABOUT THIS.

ROKK, YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'LL BE BACK?

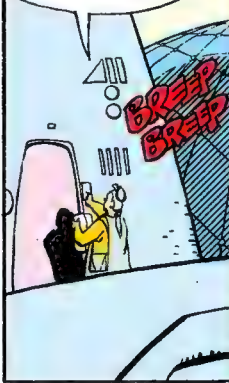
NO --

--AND IF I DON'T GET MOVING, I'LL NEVER LEAVE, EITHER.

YOU'VE GOT IT, COACH -- AND THANKS!

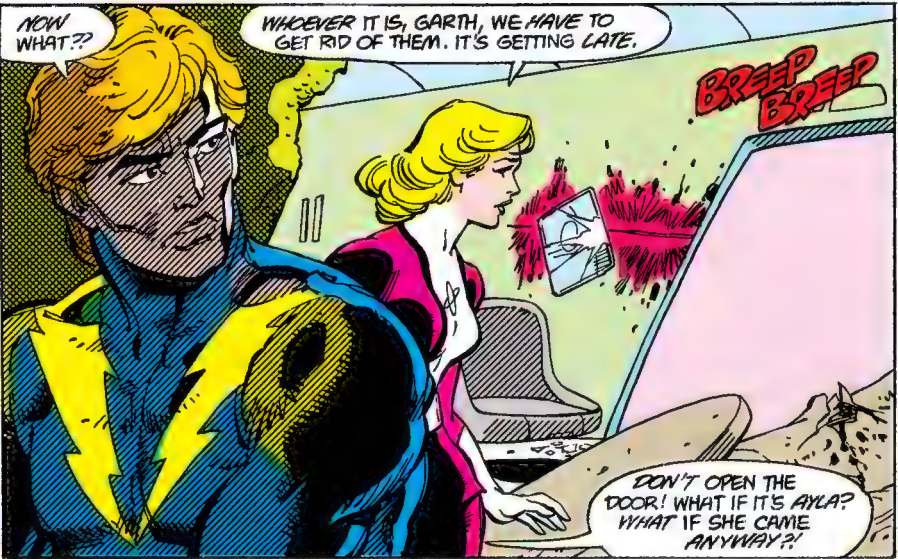
METROPOLIS HEIGHTS:
THE RANZZ RESIDENCE.

WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED
TO SEE ME! IT'S BEEN SO
LONG SINCE BEFORE
DARLING GRAY WAS
BORN OR WAS IT--



NOW
WHAT??

WHATEVER IT IS, GARTH, WE HAVE TO
GET RID OF THEM. IT'S GETTING LATE.



DON'T OPEN THE
DOOR! WHAT IF IT'S AYLA?
WHAT IF SHE CAME
ANYWAY?!

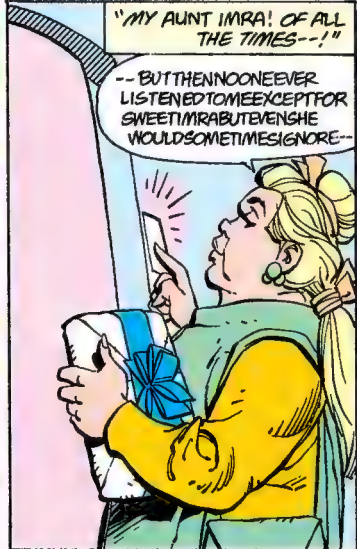
I CAN FIND OUT
TELEPATHICALLY...

OH, NO!!



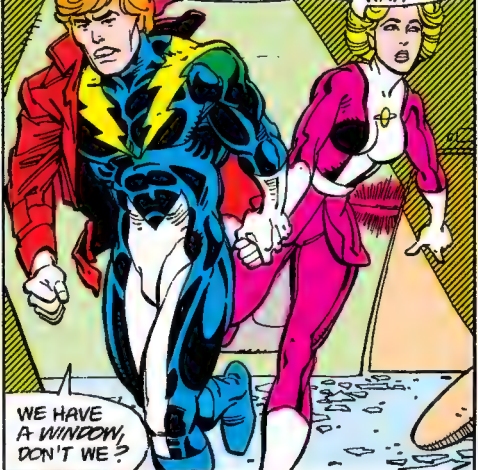
"MY AUNT IMRA! OF ALL
THE TIMES--!"

--BUT THEN NO ONE EVER
LISTENED TO ME EXCEPT FOR
SWEET IMRA BUT EVEN SHE
WOULD SOMETIMES IGNORE--



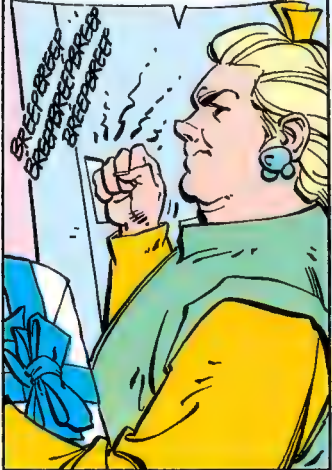
THAT'S IT! WE'RE GETTING OUT
OF HERE, NOW! C'MON, THROUGH
THE BACK WAY!

BUT, GARTH,
WE DON'T
HAVE A BACK
WAY!

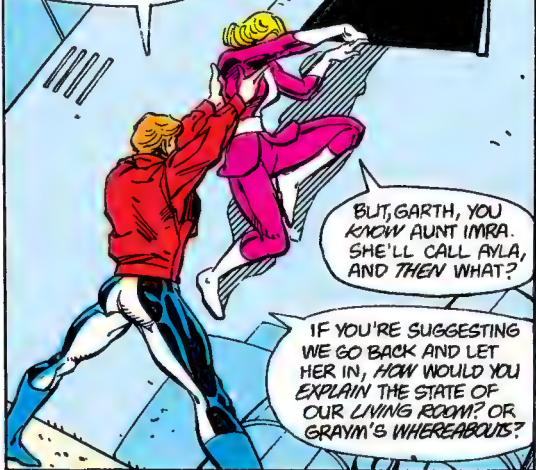


WE HAVE
A WINDOW,
DON'T WE?

--JUST LIKE HERE EVER SINCE SHE
MARRIED THAT MAN FROM WINATHI
KNEW HE HATED ME AND NOW DURING
IMRA'S CELESTOO I'LL SHOW THEM--



THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
DO YOU HAVE ANY
ALTERNATIVES?



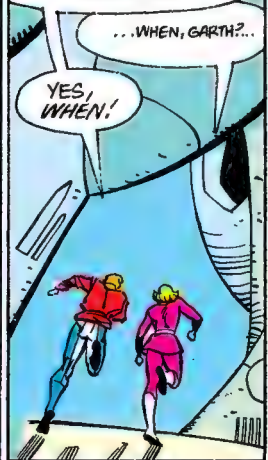
BUT, GARTH, YOU
KNOW AUNT IMRA.
SHE'LL CALL AYLA,
AND THEN WHAT?

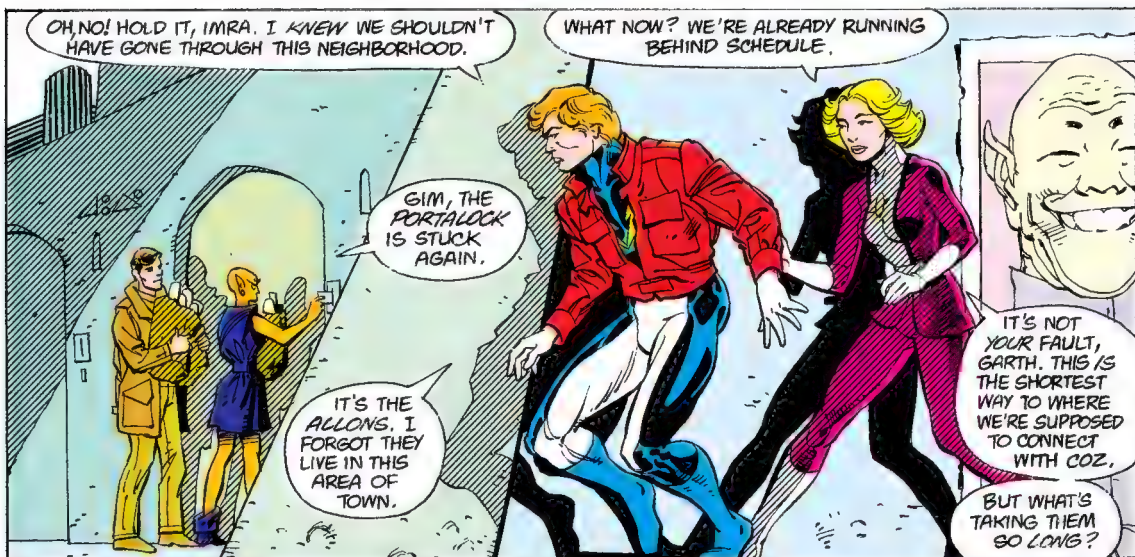
IF YOU'RE SUGGESTING
WE GO BACK AND LET
HER IN, HOW WOULD YOU
EXPLAIN THE STATE OF
OUR LIVING ROOM? OR
GRAYM'S WHEREABOUTS?

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY,
IMRA. BESIDES, IT'S TIME
TO MEET COZ--YOU CAN
APOLOGIZE TO HER WHEN
GRAYM'S HOME.

...WHEN, GARTH?..

YES,
WHEN!





OH, NO! HOLD IT, IMRA. I *KNEW* WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

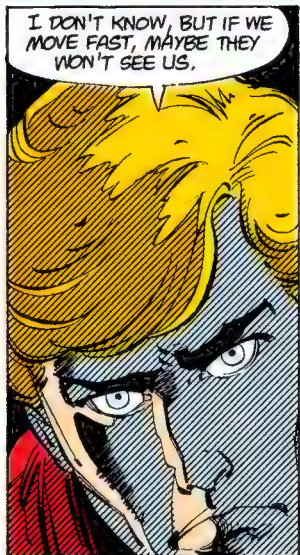
WHAT NOW? WE'RE ALREADY RUNNING BEHIND SCHEDULE.

GIM, THE PORTALOCK IS STUCK AGAIN.

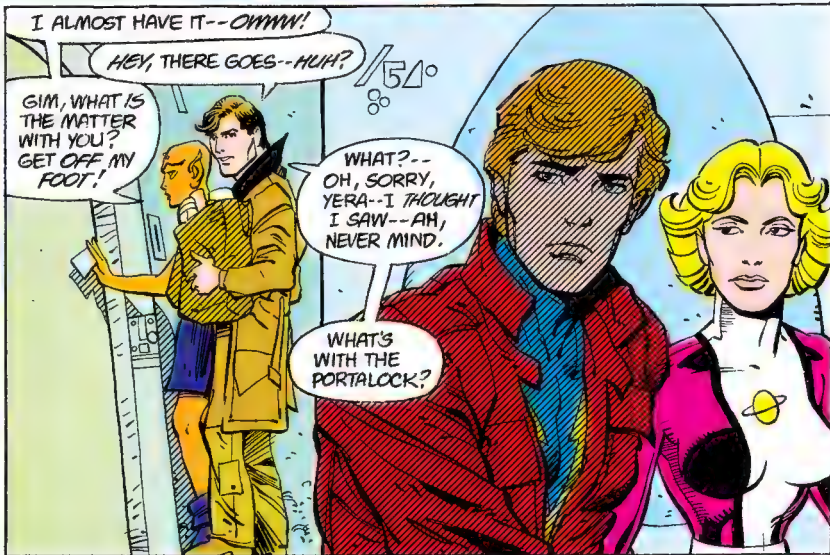
IT'S THE ALLOWS. I FORGOT THEY LIVE IN THIS AREA OF TOWN.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, GARTH. THIS IS THE SHORTEST WAY TO WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CONNECT WITH COZ.

BUT WHAT'S TAKING THEM SO LONG?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF WE MOVE FAST, MAYBE THEY WON'T SEE US.



I ALMOST HAVE IT-- OHMM!

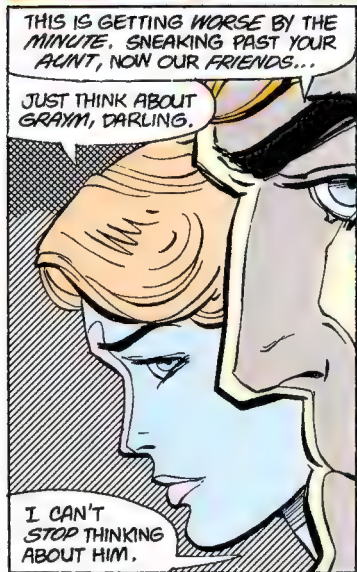
HEY, THERE GOES-- HUH?

54°

GIM, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? GET OFF MY FOOT!

WHAT?-- OH, SORRY, YERA-- I THOUGHT I SAW-- AH, NEVER MIND.

WHAT'S WITH THE PORTALOCK?



THIS IS GETTING WORSE BY THE MINUTE. SNEAKING PAST YOUR AUNT, NON OUR FRIENDS...

JUST THINK ABOUT GRAYM, DARLING.

I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM.



IMRA, WHAT IF WE'RE TOO LATE?

NO! DON'T SAY THAT! THE TIME TRAPPER WANTS US, NOT GRAYM!

WE CAN'T BE SURE WHAT THAT LUNATIC WANTS, IMRA.



IT DOESN'T MATTER. I KNOW WHAT I WANT, GARTH.

I WANT MY SON BACK--

--AND THEN I WANT THE TRAPPER'S HEAD.

THIS IS THE PLACE OF THE TIME TRAPPER.

IT IS QUIET HERE. EVERLASTINGLY QUIET. FOR NO SOUND ORIGINATES THAT IS NOT AT THE TRAPPER'S COMMAND.

EVEN THE LATEST ADDITION TO HIS MENAGERIE OF SOULS IS QUIET BEHIND THE SLATS OF HIS CAGE. ALL ARE QUIET HERE...

...LISTENING FOR THE MASTER'S WORDS.

I HEAR NO SOUNDS OF CHILDISH GLEE FROM THE BABE'S NURSERY, OTOK.

I TRUST NO ONE IS MISTREATING THE LAD?

N-NO, M-MASTER, OF C-COURSE NOT.

THE YOUNG L-LEGIONNAIRE IS MERELY SL-SLEEPING IN HIS C-CRIB.

AND AS SUCH, GRAYM RANZZ IS TO BE TREATED WELL. I DO NOT WISH TO HEAR HIS UNHAPPINESS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

HE IS NO LEGIONNAIRE, OTOK. MERELY THE INNOCENT SPAWN OF ONE I SEEK.

UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YES, M-MASTER. WHO WOULD H-HARM A L-LITTLE BABY?

THE HOURGLASS IS STILL MORE THAN HALF-FULL.

EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING SMOOTHLY.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, OTOK... SO FAR.

BUT NOW WE SHALL SEE WHAT THE NEXT ROUND WILL BRING.

THE PARENTS AND GODFATHER WILL SOON BE ARRIVING.

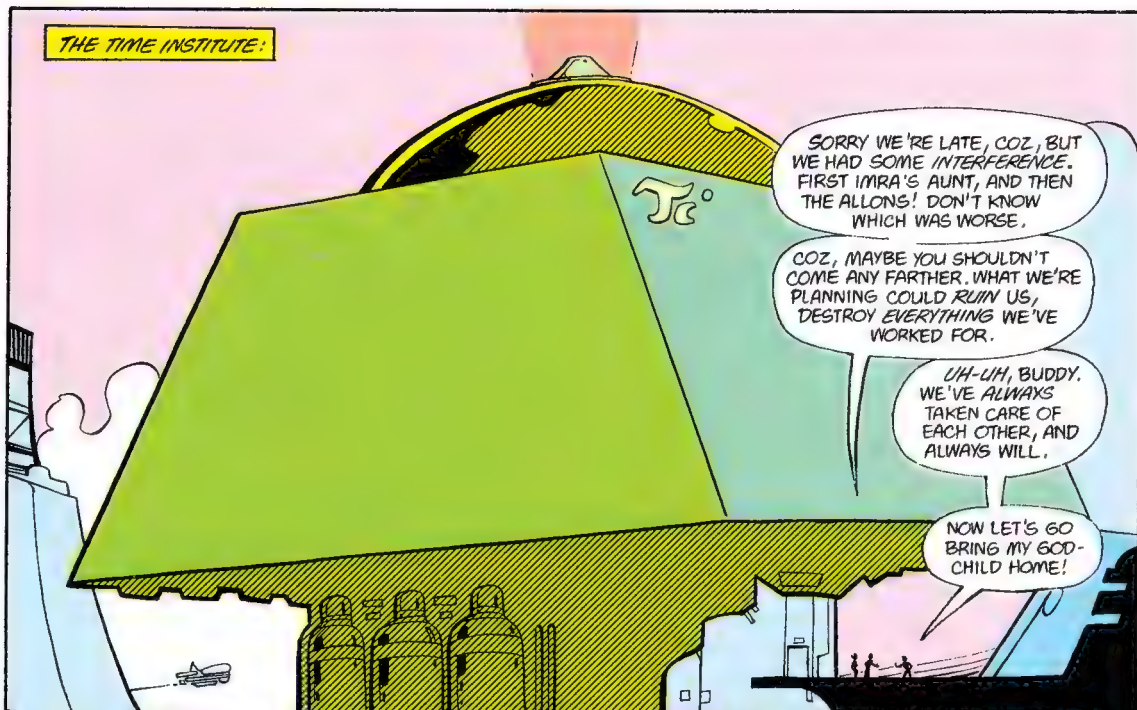
HAVE AN APPROPRIATE WELCOME PREPARED FOR THEM, OTOK.

Y-YES, S-SIR.

AND, OTOK-- KEEP GRAYM RANZZ AMUSED.

C-CERTAINLY, M-MASTER.

THE TIME INSTITUTE:



SORRY WE'RE LATE, COZ, BUT WE HAD SOME INTERFERENCE. FIRST IMRA'S AUNT, AND THEN THE ALLONS! DON'T KNOW WHICH WAS WORSE.

COZ, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T COME ANY FARTHER. WHAT WE'RE PLANNING COULD RUIN US, DESTROY EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED FOR.

UH-UH, BUDDY. WE'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF EACH OTHER, AND ALWAYS WILL.

NOW LET'S GO BRING MY GOD-CHILD HOME!



EXCUSE ME, OFFICER, IS THIS THE WAY TO THE SYNCHRO-LAB?

HUH?



UH-HH!



NICE WORK.

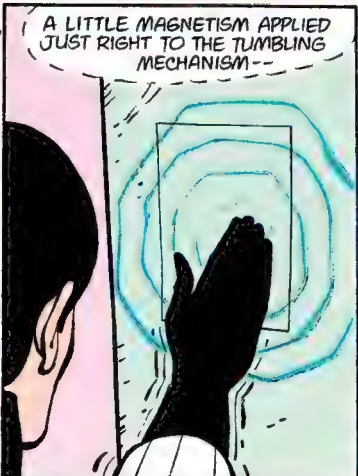
COME ON, GARTH.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S OKAY.



I HATE THIS. YOU REALIZE WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF WE GET CAUGHT?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET CAUGHT.

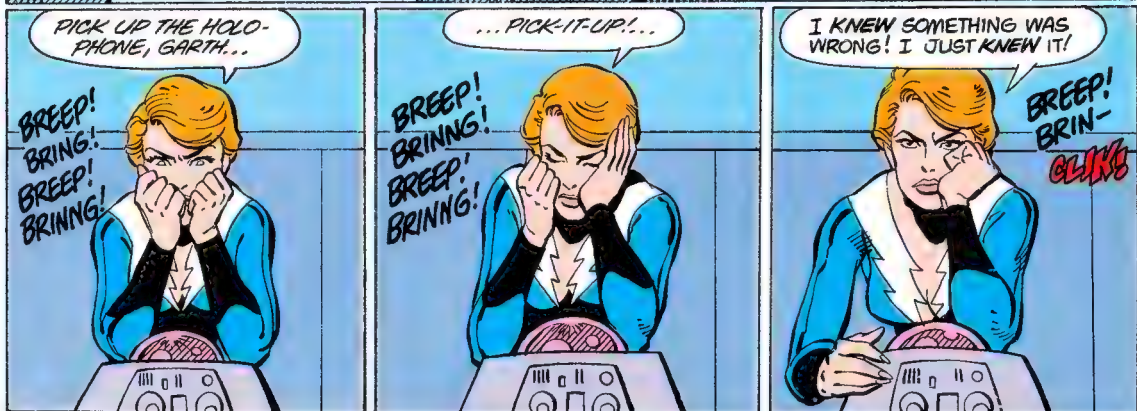
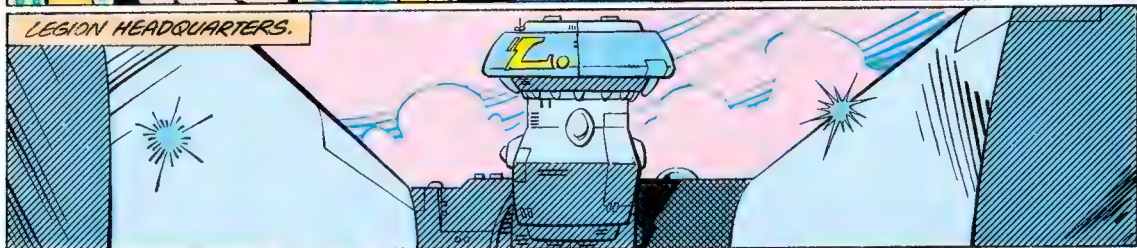
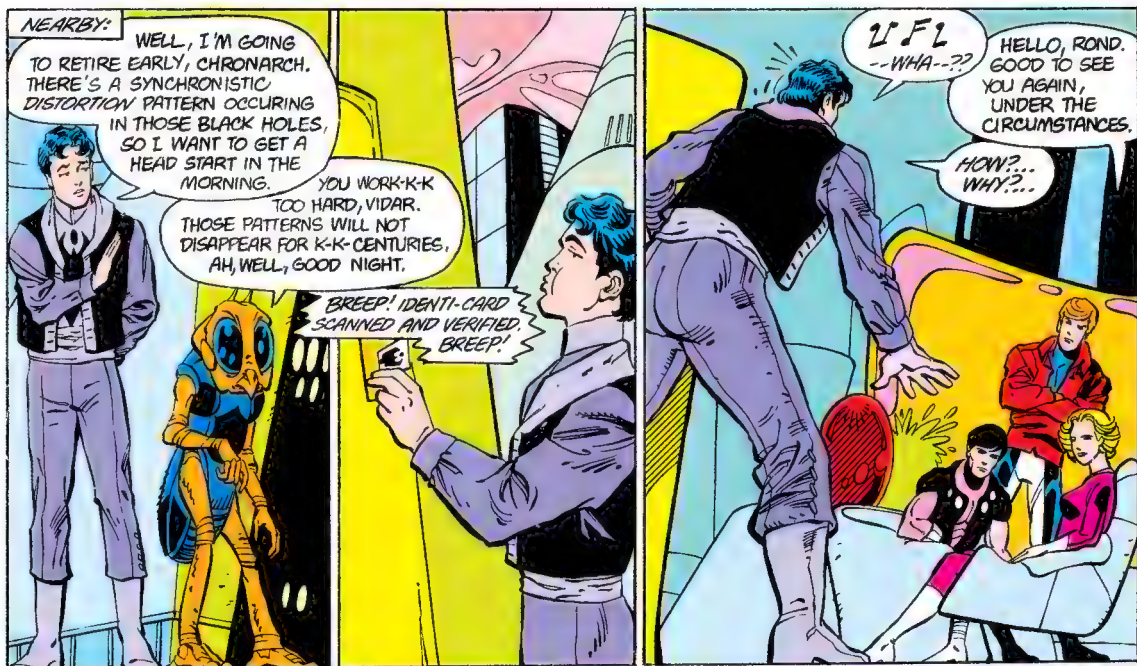


A LITTLE MAGNETISM APPLIED JUST RIGHT TO THE TUMBLING MECHANISM--



--AND VOILA--AS INVISIBLE KID WOULD SAY.

NOW COMES THE HARD PART. GETTING DEEPER WITHIN THE COMPLEX WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED.



THE TIME INSTITUTE.

...SO IT SEEMS OUR SERVICES ARE STILL APPRECIATED BY SOME.

BUT TO FULFILL OUR OBLIGATION TO OUR CLIENT, WE MUST HAVE A TIME-TRAVELING DEVICE, ROND.

I'M SORRY, BUT DISCRETION FORBIDS ME FROM SAYING ANYTHING MORE, OLD FRIEND.

SO HOW ABOUT IT, BUDDY? WHEN CAN WE LEAVE?

YES... UMMM... LET ME SEE, NOW... MAKE SURE I HAVE MY FACTS STRAIGHT...

WE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING, ROND. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

YES, YES, YOU HAVE, HAVEN'T YOU... WELL, UMMM...

GARTH MADE IT SEEM SO RATIONAL, SO BLASE... JUST ANOTHER LEFT-OVER LEGION AFFAIR...

...A LEFTOVER LEGION AFFAIR... THAT'S WHAT THIS IS... WE WERE WRONG TO THINK WE COULD ESCAPE...

...WRONG TO THINK WE COULD TURN OUR BACKS AND JUST WALK AWAY FROM OUR PAST...

...IT'S TOO LATE... SO WHAT IF WE WANT TO BE NORMAL?... WE'RE NOT... NEVER CAN BE...

WE WERE FOOLING OURSELVES...

CORRUPTED BY OUR OWN INVINCIBILITY... OR WAS IT ME, WANTING TO PLAY MAMA?... REMEMBER ANYTHINGS...

...EXCEPT THE TERROR IN GRAYM'S EYES RIGHT BEFORE... OH, WHY CAN'T I RECALL THE WAY HE LOOKS WHEN HE'S LAUGHING?

... OH, GOD, GRAYM... I'M SORRY... SO SORRY...

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU.

I'M NOT HEARING THIS!!

WHAT??!

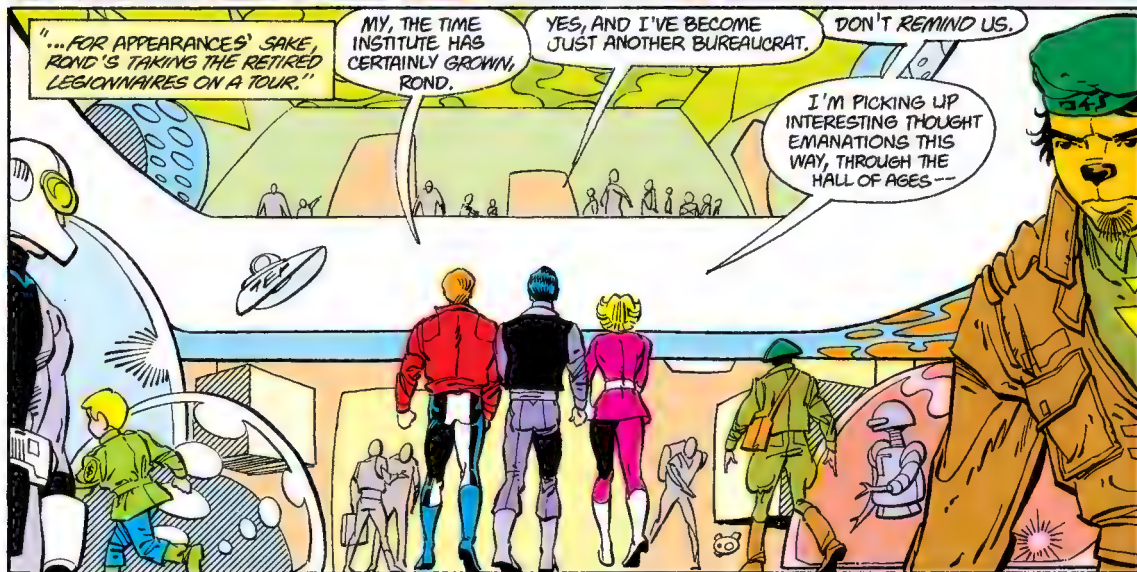
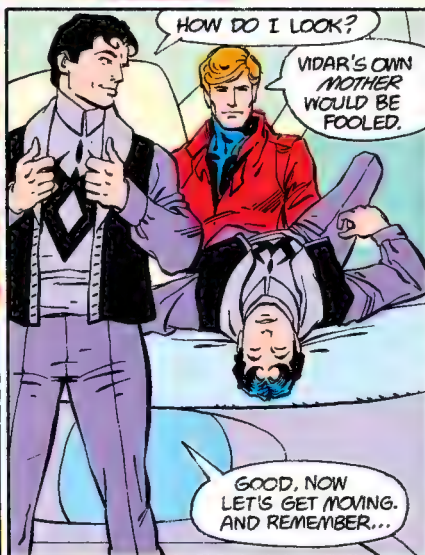
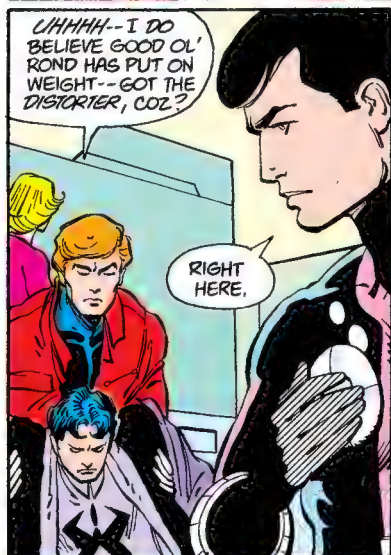
LET ME EXPLAIN, MY POSITION HERE RIGHT NOW IS VERY TENUOUS, A LOT OF INNER-OFFICE POLITICS.

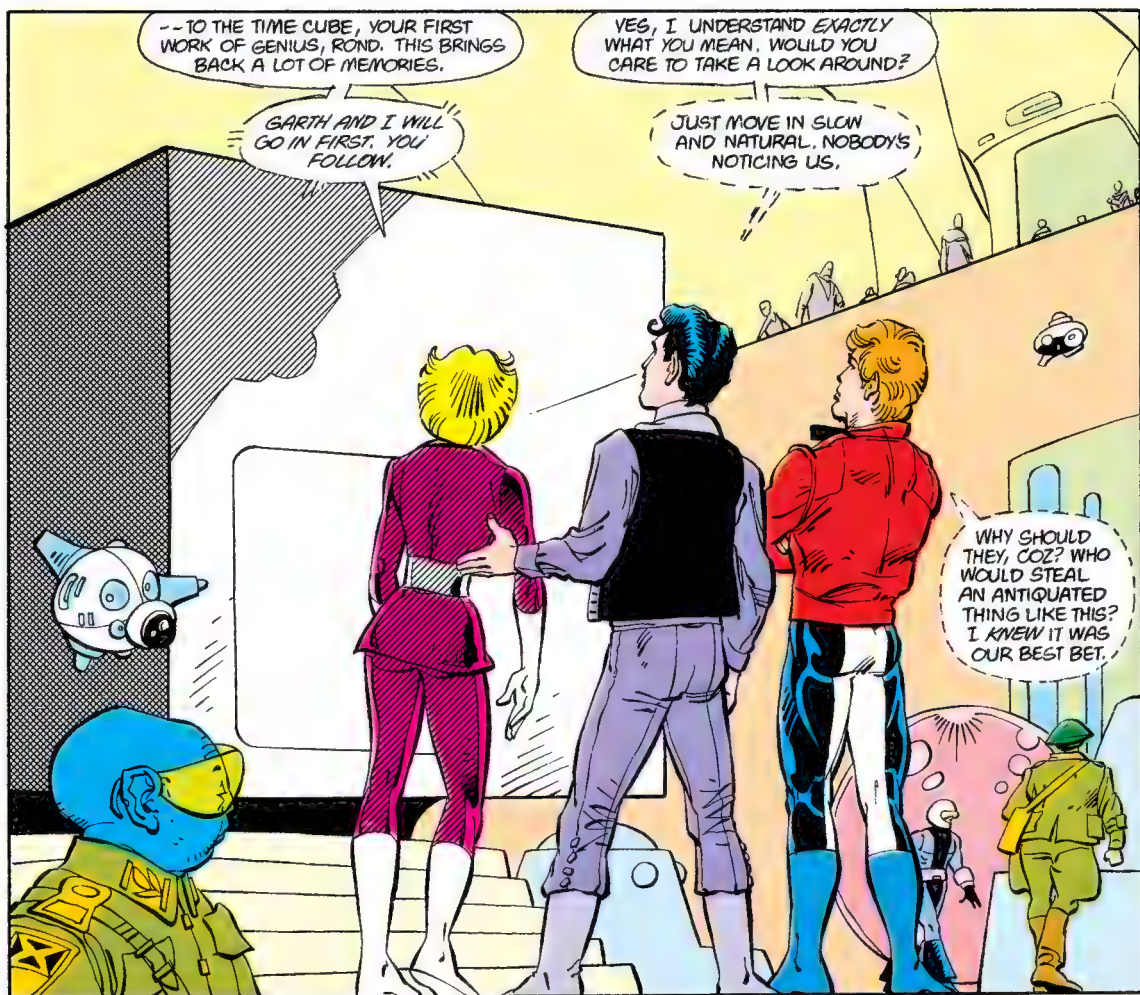
IF I WERE TO RISK THIS RIGHT NOW, IT COULD MEAN... I MEAN, YOU'RE ASKING ME TO AID IN SOMETHING ILLEGAL.

I CAN'T CONDONE THAT, NOT EVEN FOR EX-LEGIONNAIRES.

BESIDES, ALL TIME MACHINES HAVE TO BE CHECKED OUT WITH CHRONARCH. I COULDN'T DO IT ALONE. MY HANDS ARE TIED.

I'M SORRY.





-- TO THE TIME CUBE, YOUR FIRST WORK OF GENIUS, ROND. THIS BRINGS BACK A LOT OF MEMORIES.

YES, I UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN. WOULD YOU CARE TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND?

GARTH AND I WILL GO IN FIRST. YOU FOLLOW.

JUST MOVE IN SLOW AND NATURAL. NOBODY'S NOTICING US.

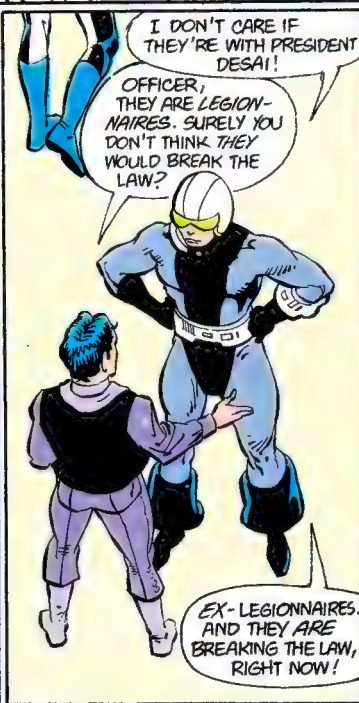
WHY SHOULD THEY, COZ? WHO WOULD STEAL AN ANTIQUATED THING LIKE THIS? I KNEW IT WAS OUR BEST BET.



I JUST HOPE IT'S STILL FUNCTIONAL.

HEY, YOU! YOU CAN'T GO CLIMBING IN THERE!

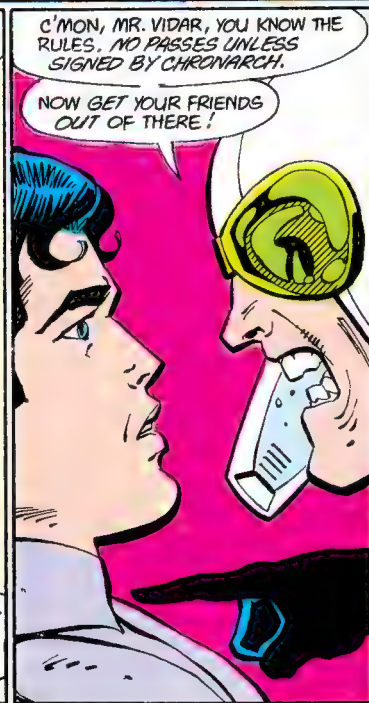
IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER. THEY'RE WITH ME.



I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE WITH PRESIDENT DESAI!

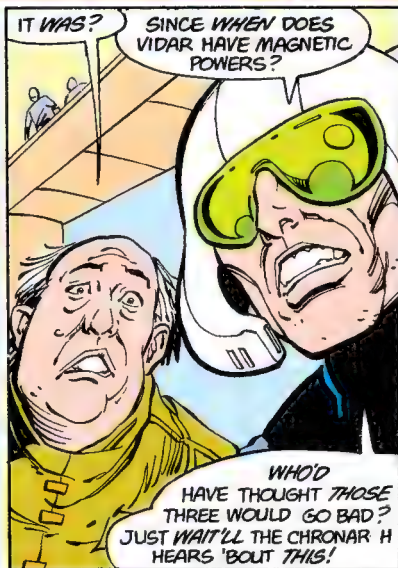
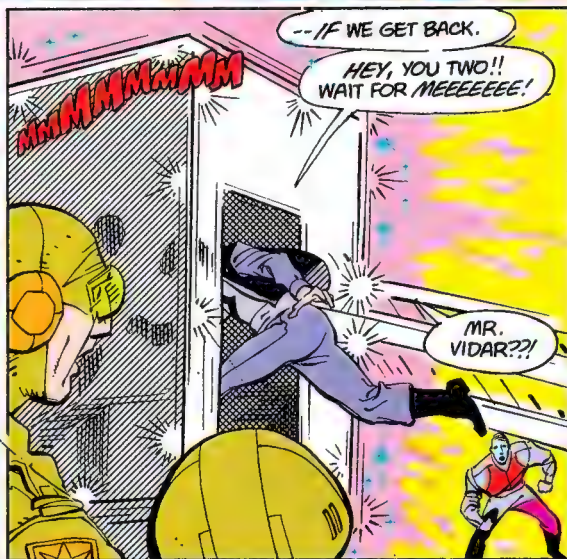
OFFICER, THEY ARE LEGIONNAIRES. SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THEY WOULD BREAK THE LAW?

EX-LEGIONNAIRES. AND THEY ARE BREAKING THE LAW, RIGHT NOW!



C'MON, MR. VIDAR, YOU KNOW THE RULES. NO PASSES UNLESS SIGNED BY CHRONARCH.

NOW GET YOUR FRIENDS OUT OF THERE!



DON'T NEED ROND'S
BODY ANYMORE--

WONDER IF THIS
QUALIFIES US FOR
THE LEGION OF
SUPER-VILLAINS?

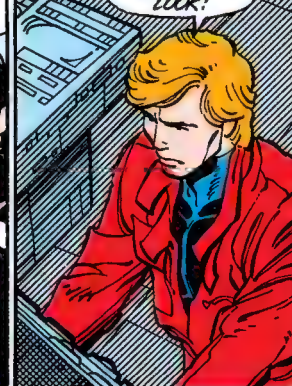
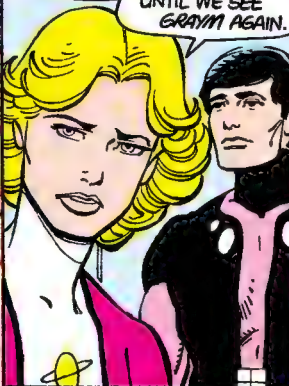
WHAT SCARES
ME IS HOW EASY
THIS CRIMINAL
LIFE HAS BECOME.

THAT'S POSSIBLE, GARTH, BUT
RIGHT NOW I'M WORRIED ABOUT
THE TIME-BARRIER. WHAT IF WE
CAN'T PENETRATE IT?

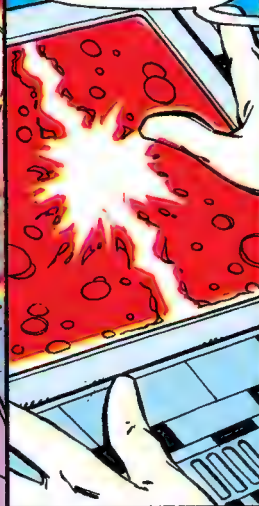
COULD MEAN A VERY LONG TIME
UNTIL WE SEE
GAYM AGAIN.

DON'T SAY THAT, IMRA! I
SWEAR TO YOU, ON MY
LIFE, WE'RE BREAKING
THROUGH THAT--HUI?

IMRA! ROKK!
LOOK!



A GAP! A GAP IN THE
BARRIER!



OF COURSE! IT'S
AN INVITATION TO
ENTER--

--AND A
TRAP

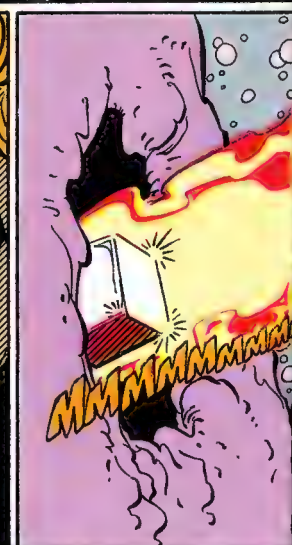
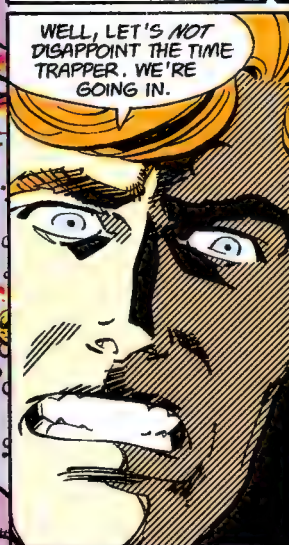


THERE ARE
EXTENUATING
CIRCUMSTANCES,
GARTH.

OUR REASONS
MAY BE GOOD, BUT
THE LAW MAY NOT
BE SO UNDER-
STANDING.

THEY MAY
WANT TO MAKE
AN EXAMPLE
OF US.

WELL, LET'S NOT
DISAPPOINT THE TIME
TRAPPER. WE'RE
GOING IN.



BRACE YOURSELVES, IF THESE READINGS ARE RIGHT, WE'RE ENTERING THE NORMAL SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM AGAIN.

WE'D BETTER BE PREPARED FOR MORE THAN JUST A BUMPY LANDING.

IMRA'S RIGHT.

EVERYTHING HAS OCCURRED BECAUSE THE TRAPPER HAS PLANNED IT JUST THAT WAY.

THOSE GOONS SENT TO TAKE GRAYM WERE JUST DIVERSIONS SO THAT THE TRAPPER COULD KIDNAP HIM.

AND THE WAY THE BARRIER OPENED UP TO LET US THROUGH AFTER YEARS OF THE LEGION TRY--

ARE YOU SURE WE'RE STILL ON EARTH?

THAT'S WHAT THE LANDING COORDINATES SAY.

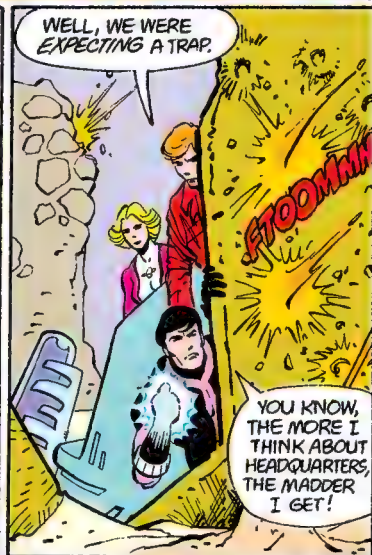
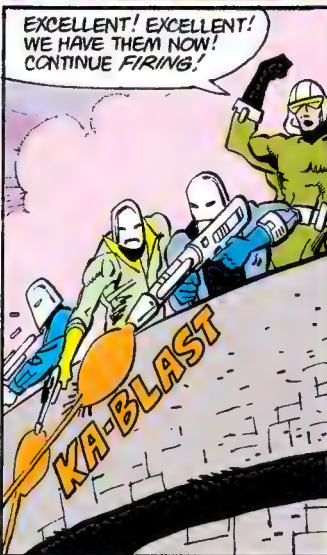
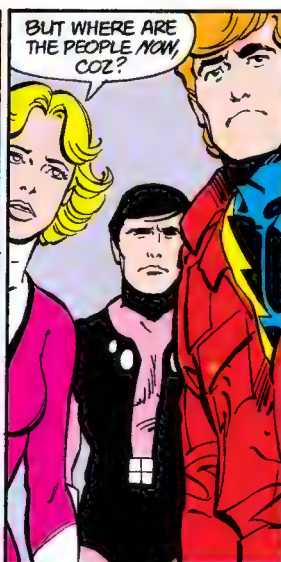
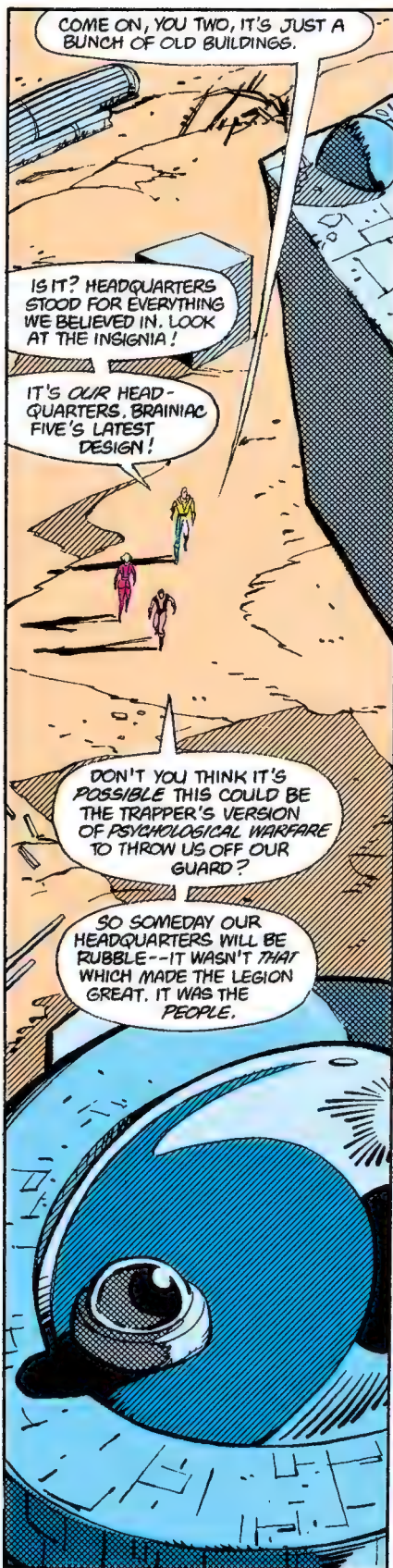
SEEMS DESERTED, DOESN'T IT?

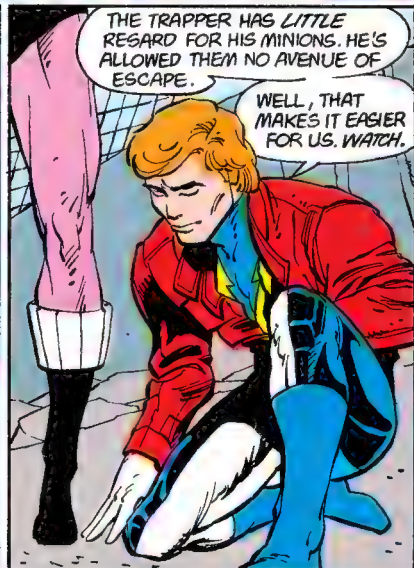
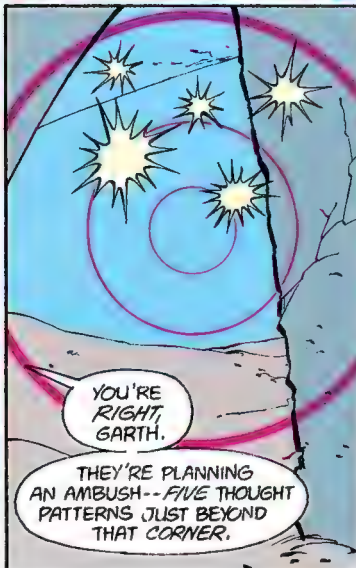
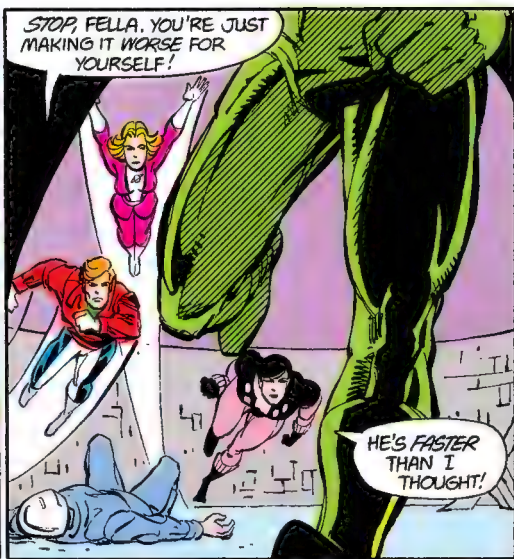
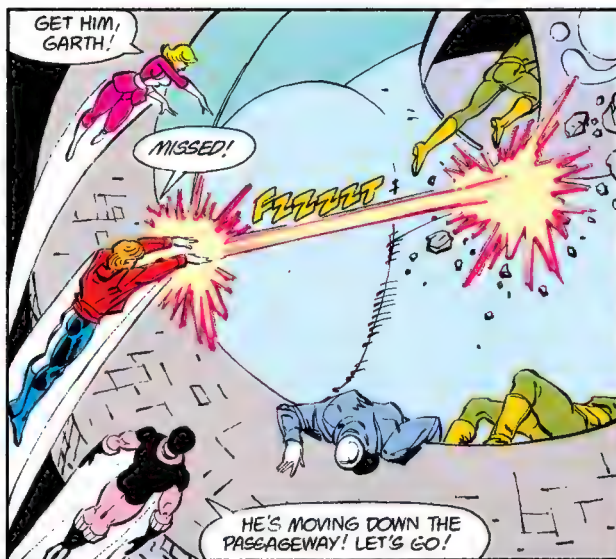
SOMETIMES, COZ, YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR UNDERSTATEMENT.

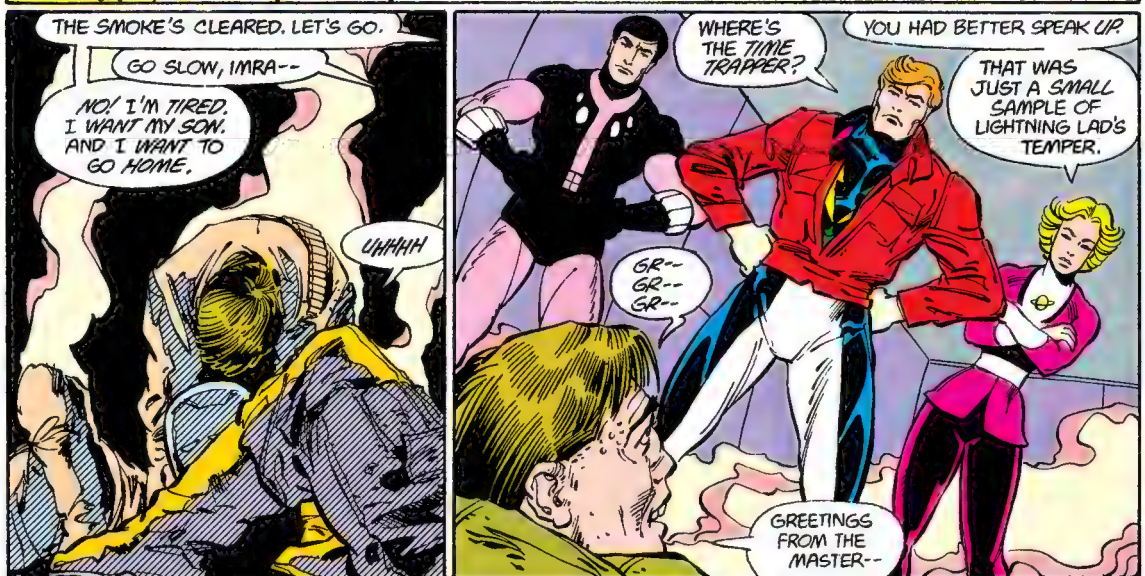
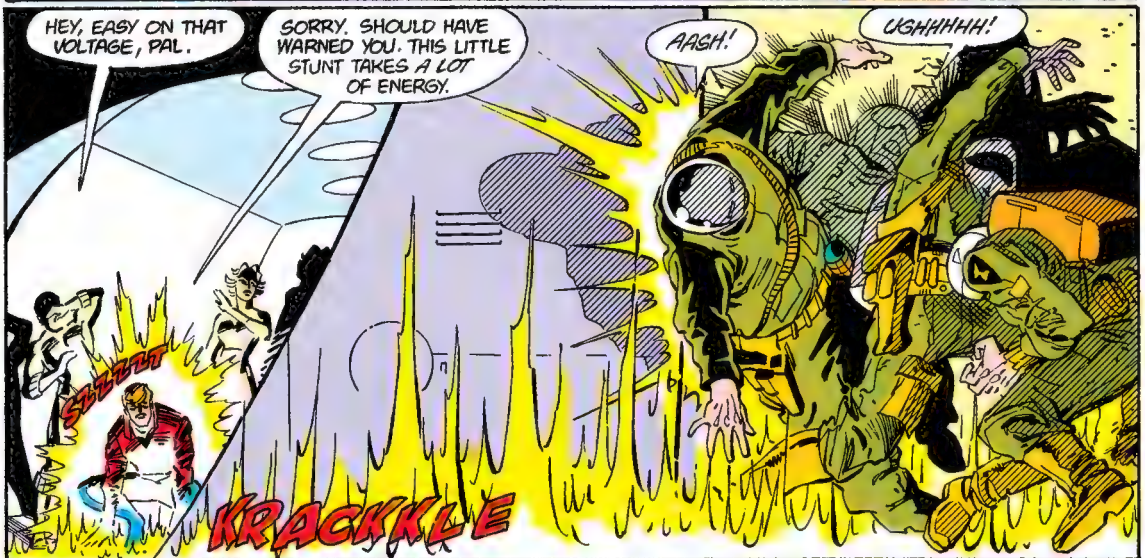
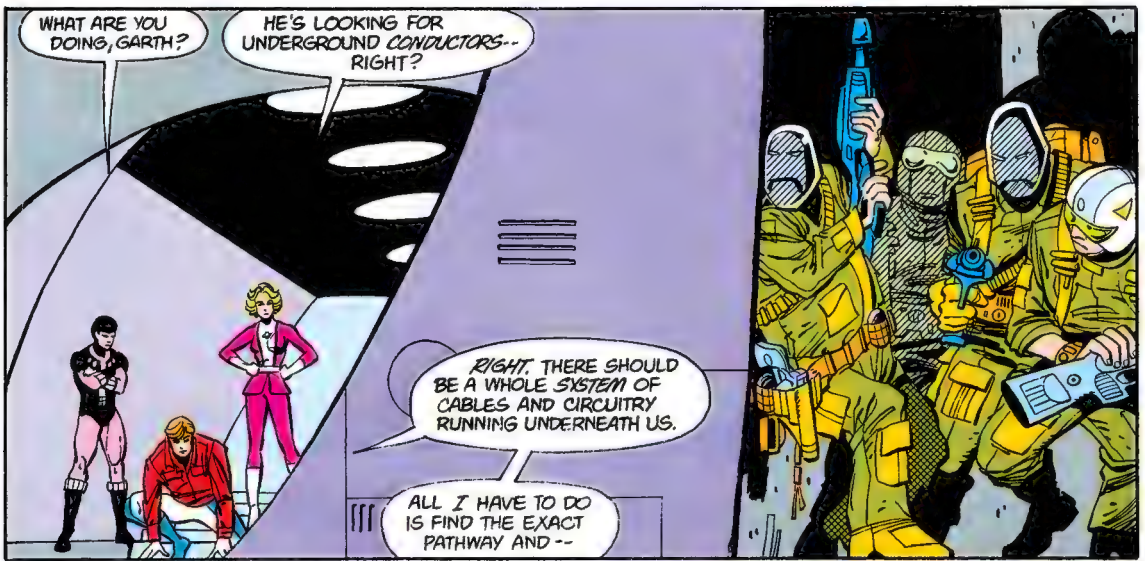
NOT WITH A WHIMPER, BUT A BANG, YOUR BASIC END-OF-THE-WORLD SCENARIO.

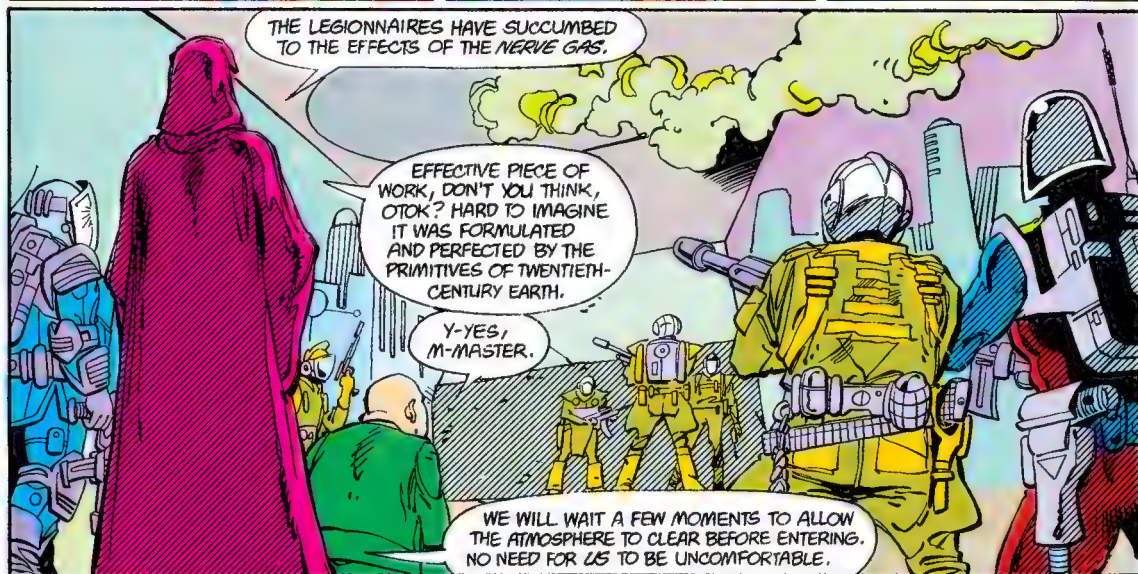
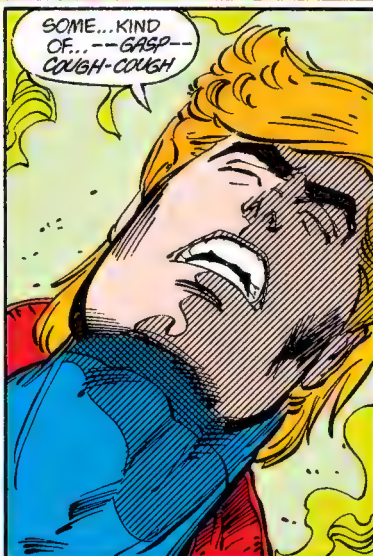
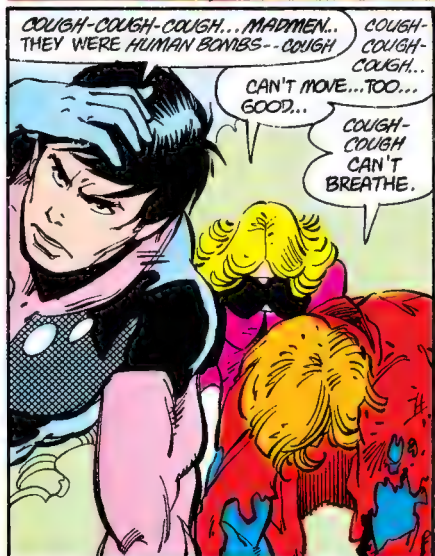
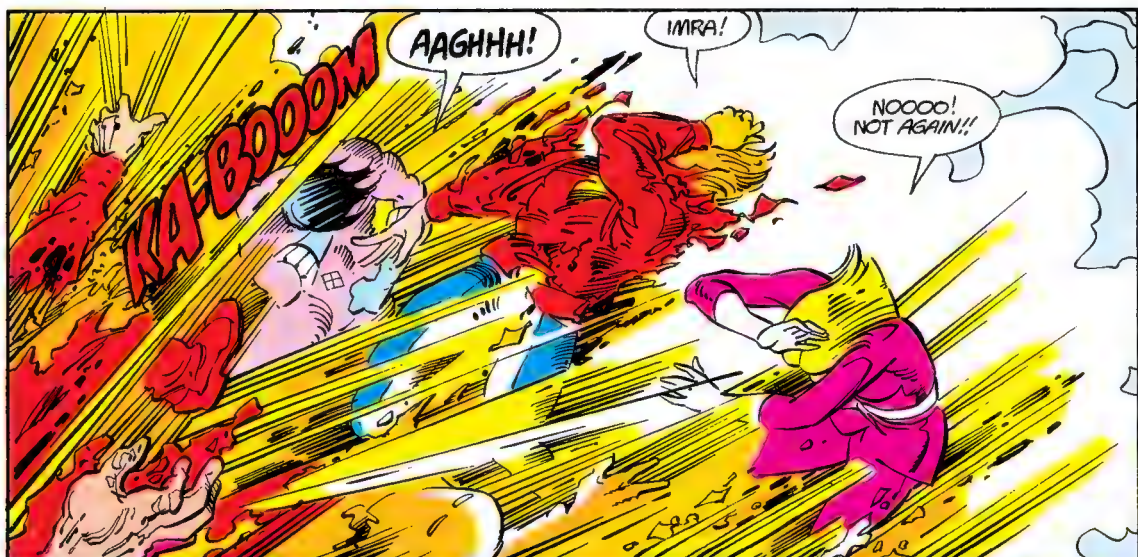
MY GOD... THIS IS WEISSENGER PLAZA. I'M SCARED, GARTH.

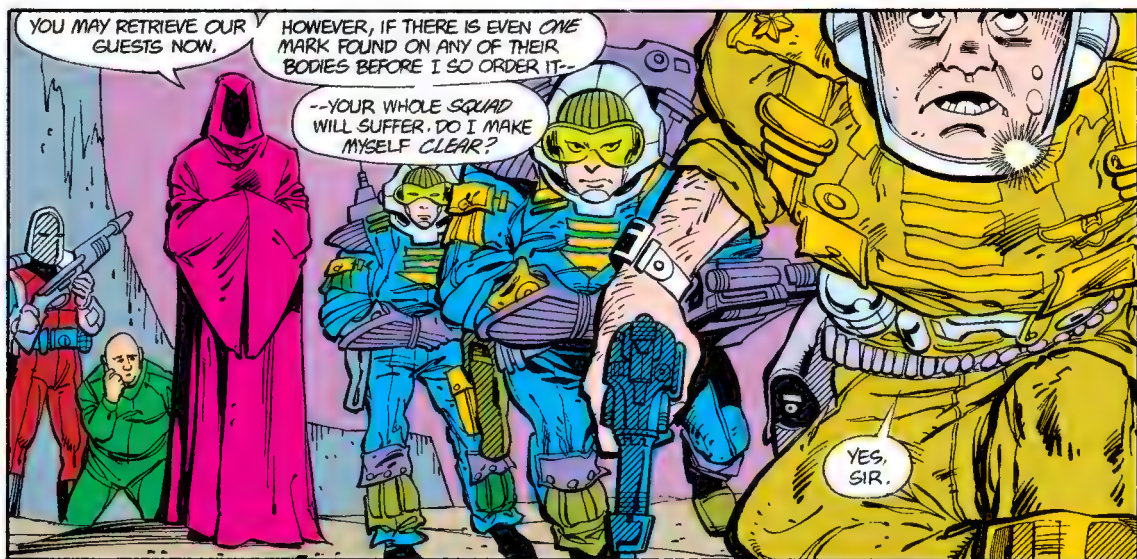
I KNOW, SWEETHEART. I CAN'T FACE THE FUTURE, EITHER.









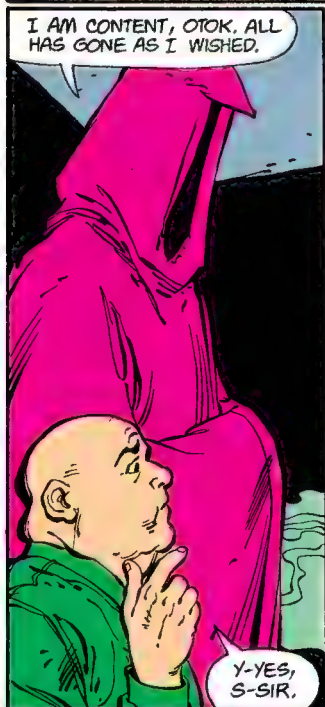


YOU MAY RETRIEVE OUR GUESTS NOW.

HOWEVER, IF THERE IS EVEN ONE MARK FOUND ON ANY OF THEIR BODIES BEFORE I SO ORDER IT--

--YOUR WHOLE SQUAD WILL SUFFER. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

YES, SIR.



I AM CONTENT, OTOK. ALL HAS GONE AS I WISHED.

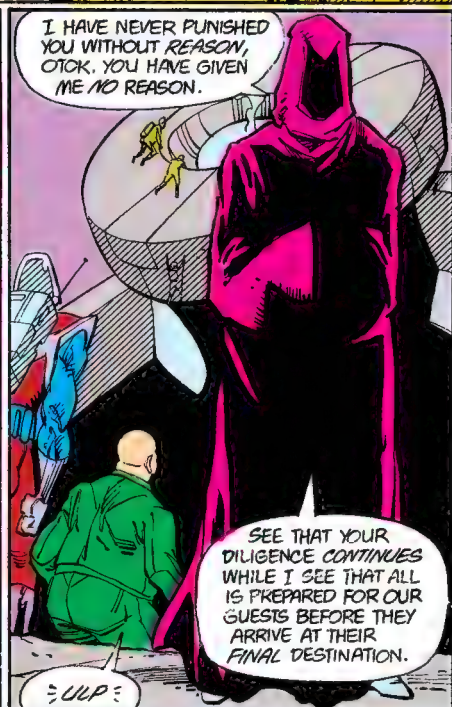
Y-YES, S-SIR.



WHY DO YOU TREMBLE, OTOK? YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME TODAY.

YOU HAVE PLEASED ME IMMENSELY.

TH-THANK YOU, SIR.



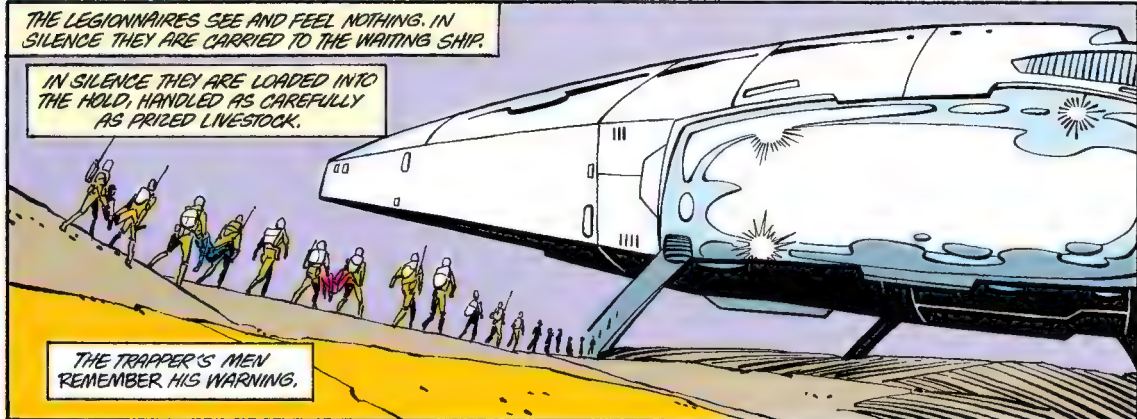
I HAVE NEVER PUNISHED YOU WITHOUT REASON, OTOK. YOU HAVE GIVEN ME NO REASON.

SEE THAT YOUR DILIGENCE CONTINUES WHILE I SEE THAT ALL IS PREPARED FOR OUR GUESTS BEFORE THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR FINAL DESTINATION.

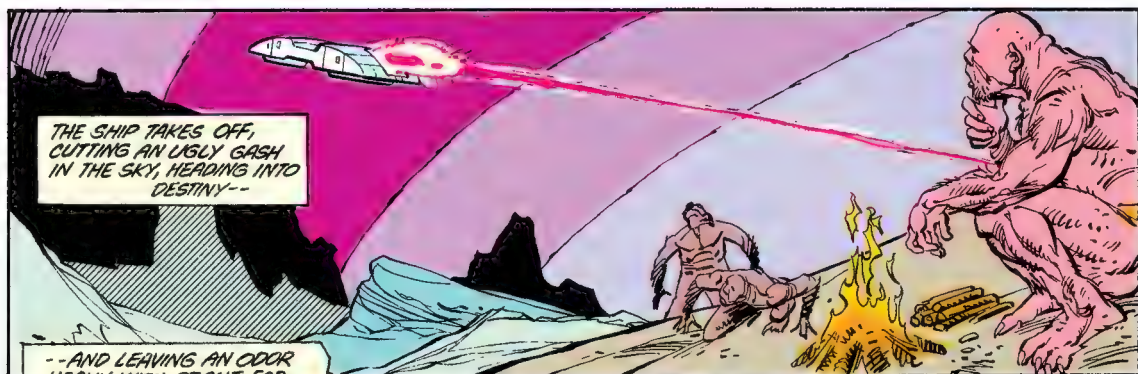
UUP

THE LEGIONNAIRES SEE AND FEEL NOTHING. IN SILENCE THEY ARE CARRIED TO THE WAITING SHIP.

IN SILENCE THEY ARE LOADED INTO THE HOLD, HANDLED AS CAREFULLY AS PRIZED LIVESTOCK.



THE TRAPPER'S MEN REMEMBER HIS WARNING.



THE SHIP TAKES OFF,
CUTTING AN UGLY GASH
IN THE SKY, HEADING INTO
DESTINY--

--AND LEAVING AN ODOR
HEAVY WITH OZONE FOR
ALL THE TRAPPER'S CREATURES
TO PONDER.

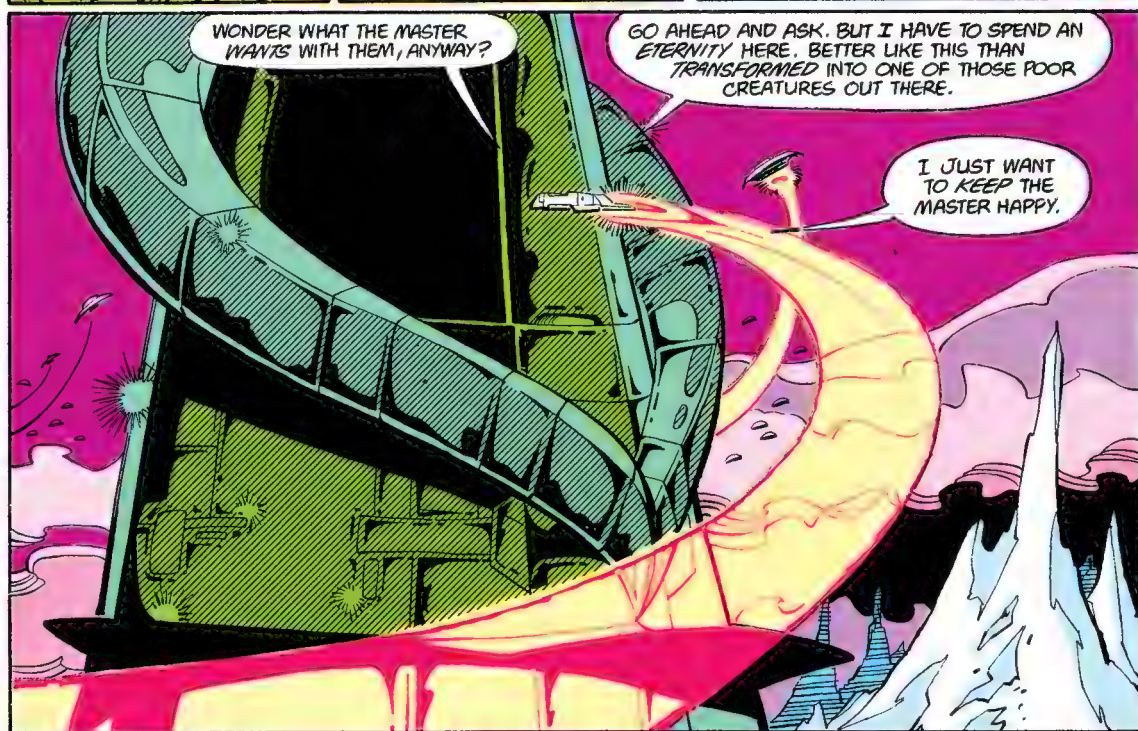
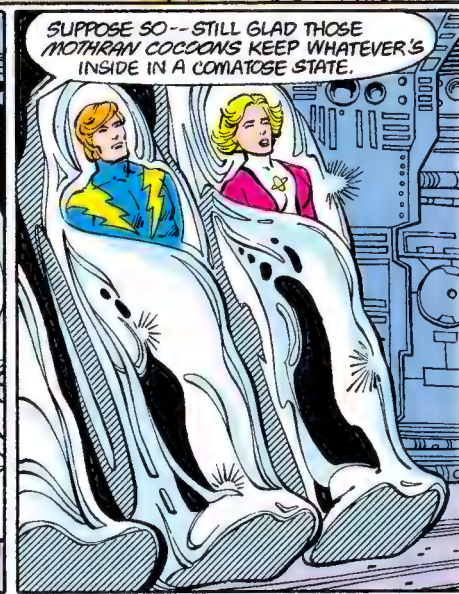
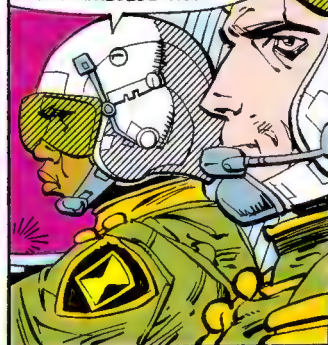
I DUNNO.
CAN'T UNDERSTAND TAKING
THOSE THREE ALIVE.

THERE WAS A SAYING
FROM WHERE I CAME--
NINETEENTH CENTURY EARTH.
HEARD IT OFTEN BEFORE THE
MASTER PLUCKED ME INTO
THIS TIMELESS HELL.

"OURS IS NOT TO QUESTION
WHY, OURS IS BUT TO DO
OR DIE."

IN OTHER WORDS,
MIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS.

SUPPOSE SO-- STILL GLAD THOSE
MOTHMAN COCOONS KEEP WHATEVER'S
INSIDE IN A COMATOSE STATE.

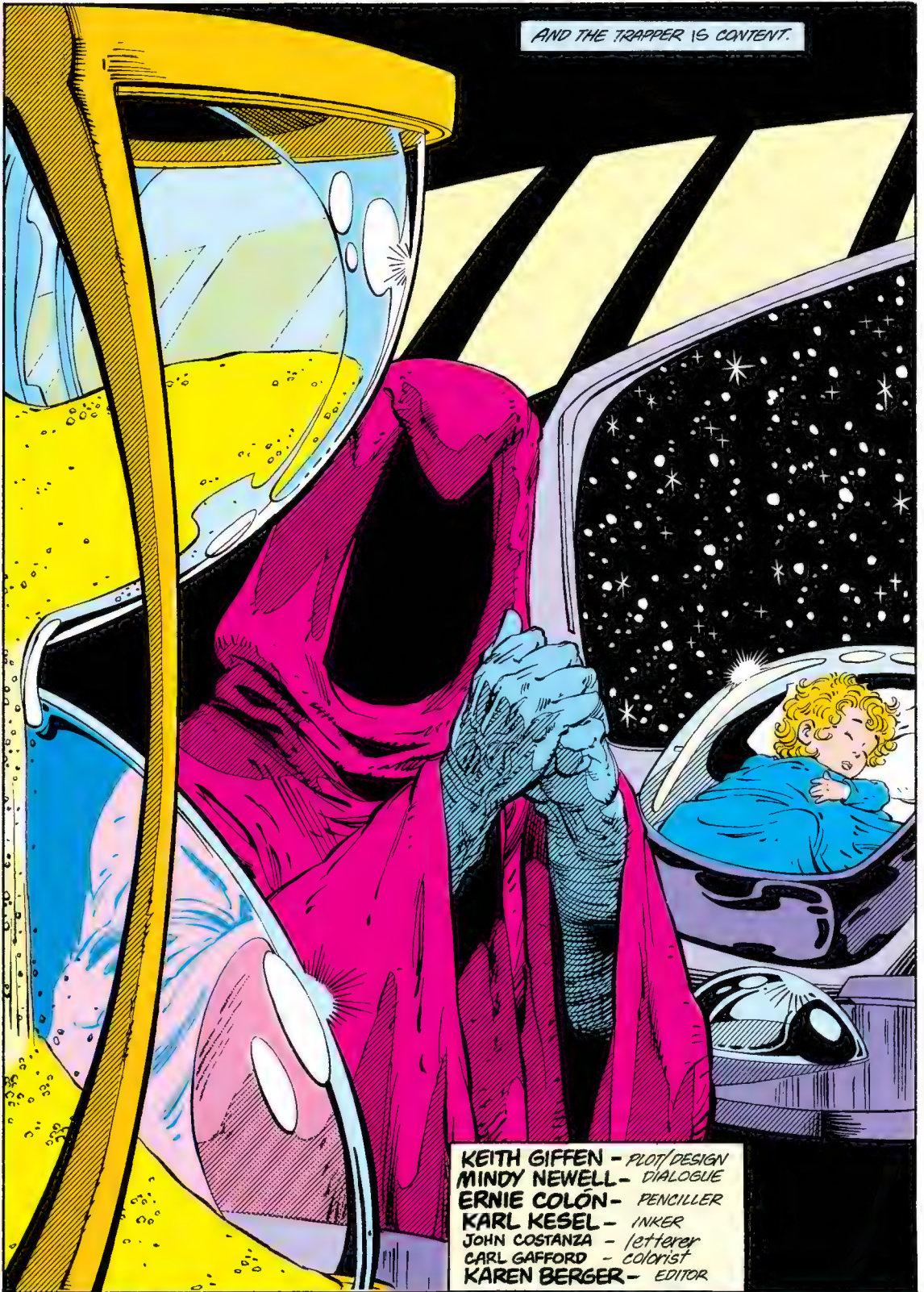


WONDER WHAT THE MASTER
WANTS WITH THEM, ANYWAY?

GO AHEAD AND ASK. BUT I HAVE TO SPEND AN
ETERNITY HERE. BETTER LIKE THIS THAN
TRANSFORMED INTO ONE OF THOSE POOR
CREATURES OUT THERE.

I JUST WANT
TO KEEP THE
MASTER HAPPY.

AND THE TRAPPER IS CONTENT.



KEITH GIFFEN - PLOT/DESIGN
MINDY NEWELL - DIALOGUE
ERNE COLÓN - PENCILLER
KARL KESEL - INKER
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD - COLORIST
KAREN BERGER - EDITOR

NEXT: "...AND THEN THERE WERE TWO!"



4 PART MINI-SERIES

3

APR 86



LEGIONNAIRES 3



THE TIME--UNKNOWN.

THE PLACE--THE OTHER SIDE.

THE PLAYERS--THREE EX-LEGIONNAIRES.

THE PROBLEM--ONE OF THEM IS MISSING.

LEGIONNAIRES 3

SUN'S GOING DOWN
AGAIN... FOR THE THIRD
TIME.

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN WE
WAIT HERE? HOW MUCH LONGER
UNTIL WE GET SOME KIND OF
SIGNAL, SOME INDICATION OF
HIS NEXT MOVE?

UNLESS--THIS IS HIS
NEXT MOVE, THE TIME
TRAPPER IS PLAYING SOME
KIND OF PSYCHOLOGICAL
GAME WITH US, SO HE
SEPARATES GARTH AND
MIRA...

...KNOWING MIRA'S
REACTION BEFOREHAND,
KNOWING I WON'T BE
ABLE TO HANDLE IT...

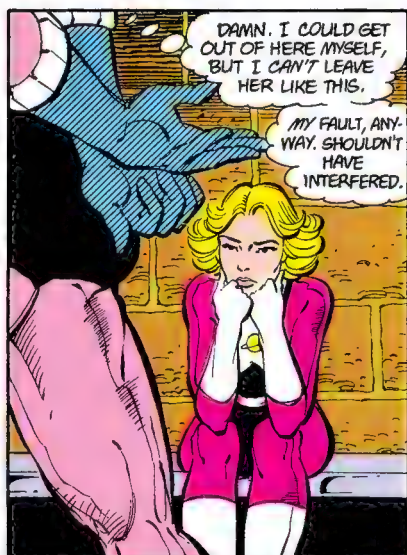
...AND LEAVING
ME ALONE TO
COPE.

MIRA? YOU
OKAY?

NOTHING. CAN'T
SEEM TO REACH HER.
THE TRAPPER'S
PLAN IS WORKING.

GZBYZ

...AND THEN THERE WERE TWO!



DAMN. I COULD GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE HER LIKE THIS.

MY FAULT, ANYWAY. SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED.



IMRA WANTED TO CUT LOOSE WITH HER TELEPATHY WHEN WE WOKE UP IN THIS RAT HOLE, AND WHAT DID I SAY?

"TOO DANGEROUS. PLAY ALONG WITH THE TRAPPER. HE'S GOT GRAYM, AND NOW HE'S GOT GARTH."

"BE PATIENT."



WELL, I WAS WRONG, IMRA. ONLY NOW YOU CAN'T HEAR ME.

OR CAN YOU? I DON'T KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT SHOCK REACTIONS, AND I SURE NEVER EXPECTED THIS FROM YOU.



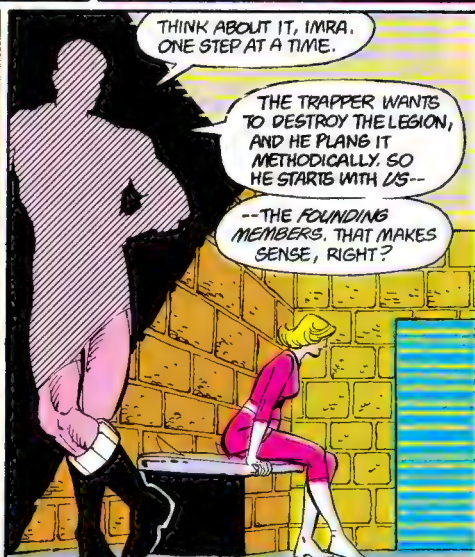
BUT IF I HAVE TO THROW YOU OVER MY SHOULDER AND CARRY YOU OUT OF HERE, SO BE IT.

BECAUSE WE'RE BREAKING OUT OF HERE, IMRA.



AND WE'RE GOING TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT THE TRAPPER IS UP TO.

THE ANSWER'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF US, I KNOW IT, BUT IT JUST WON'T COME TO THE SURFACE.



THINK ABOUT IT, IMRA. ONE STEP AT A TIME.

THE TRAPPER WANTS TO DESTROY THE LEGION, AND HE PLANS IT METHODICALLY. SO HE STARTS WITH US--

--THE FOUNDED MEMBERS. THAT MAKES SENSE, RIGHT?



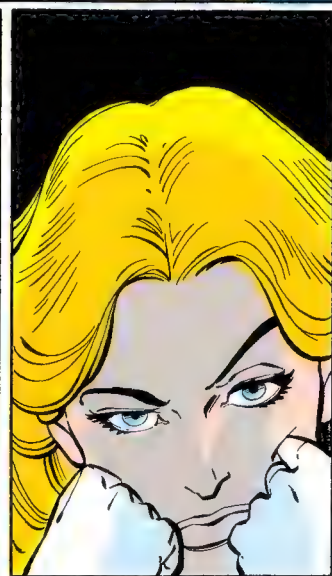
RIGHT. SO HE HITS YOU AND GARTH AT YOUR WEAKEST POINT, KIDNAPPING GRAYM--NO. IT DOESN'T WORK.

HE LEFT THAT MESSAGE, DARING YOU TO INVOLVE THE LEGION, HOLDING GRAYM'S LIFE IN HIS HANDS AS BLACKMAIL.

SO THE TRAPPER DIDN'T WANT THE LEGION.



HE JUST WANTED SATURN GIRL AND LIGHTNING CAD, BUT WHY, IMRA?





RIGHT. IMPORTANT THING IS GETTING OUT.

UHHMM. WE'VE BEEN GOOD LITTLE PRISONERS FOR THREE DAYS. THE GUARDS WILL HAVE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO OUR BEHAVIOR...



... AND BY NOW THEY'LL HAVE STARTED THINKING LESS ABOUT GUARDING US, AND MORE ABOUT EATING LUNCH AND PAYDAY.

SO WE'RE GOING TO NEED SOMETHING PRETTY SPECTACULAR, SOMETHING THAT WILL CATCH THEM TOTALLY BY SURPRISE.



I'VE GOT IT!

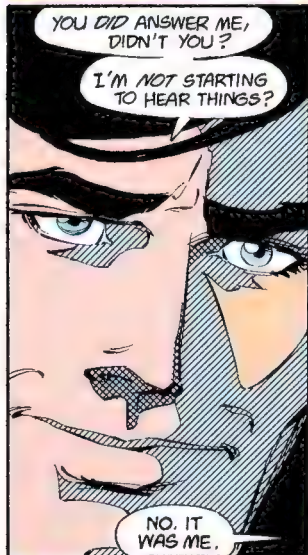
Snap



BETTER MOVE INTO THE CORNER, IMRA, GET SOME COVER. THIS IS GOING TO BE DANGEROUS.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE THROUGH WARNING ME ABOUT "DANGEROUS".

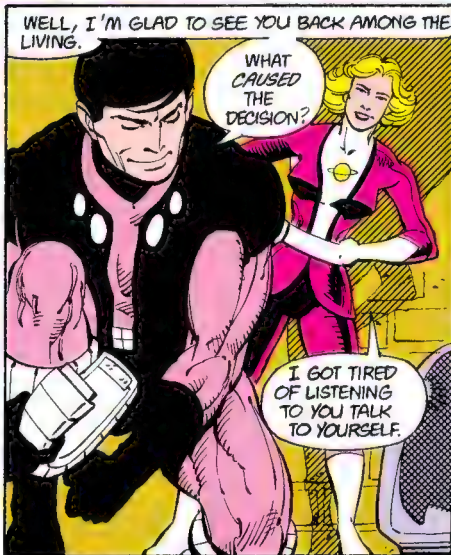
YES, I KNOW, BUT I--



YOU DID ANSWER ME, DIDN'T YOU?

I'M NOT STARTING TO HEAR THINGS?

NO. IT WAS ME.



WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK AMONG THE LIVING.

WHAT CAUSED THE DECISION?

I GOT TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOU TALK TO YOURSELF.



C'MON, IMRA, REALLY.

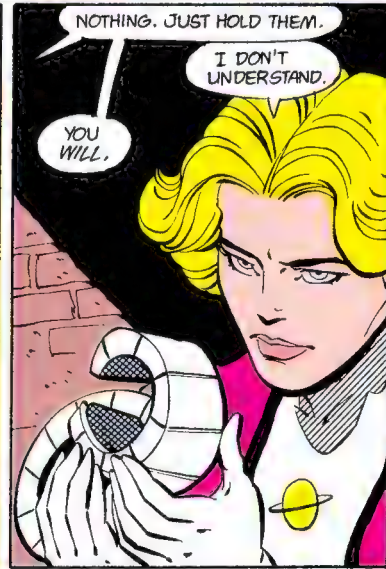
YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO ACT.

YEAH... NOW, LET'S DO IT.



HERE, TAKE THESE.

HUH? WHY? WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THEM?



NOTHING. JUST HOLD THEM.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU WILL.



UHHMM--YOU SURE YOU FEEL OKAY? YOU LOOK A LITTLE PALE.

GET US OUT OF HERE, THEN WORRY ABOUT MY COLOR.

I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE QUIET.

SOMEWHERE ELSE BEYOND WALLS OF STONE, ANOTHER CAPTIVE VENTS HIS FURY.

WAAAAHHHHH!!

OTOK, WHY DO I HEAR THE SOUNDS OF AN INFANT BAWLING? DID I NOT ASK THAT YOUNG RANZZ BE KEPT AMUSED?

Y-YES, MASTER. THE N-NURSE HAS G-GOOD CRE-CRED-CREDENTIALS.

SH-SHE IS F-FROM HUXLEY'S PL-PLANET. CH-CHILDREN ARE A M-MAJOR COM-COMMOD-ITY TH-THERE.

I DESIRE A NURSE, NOT A FARMER.

AND HOW IS MY SMALL GUEST, TODAY?

MASTER! I DID NOT HEAR YOU COME IN.

WHY WAS THE CHILD CRYING?

IT WASN'T MY FAULT! MASTER, I HAVEN'T LEFT THE BRAT FOR AN INSTANT! I SWEAR IT!

CALM YOURSELF, NURSE. YOUR RAISED VOICE IS DISTURBING HIS DELICATE EARS.

WHY DO YOU SPEAK SO HARSHLY OF THE CHILD? I WOULD THINK SOMEONE IN YOUR POSITION WOULD UNDERSTAND.

CHILDREN ARE FASCINATING CREATURES. TOTALLY DEPENDENT AND VULNERABLE UPON ADULTS FOR YEARS...

...AND YET, IN TRUTH, IT IS THEY WHO CONTROL US.

NOW TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

IT--IT STARTED WITH HIS FORMULA. HE WOULDN'T TAKE IT.

I FELT IT. IT WAS COLD. I WARMED IT, BUT BY THEN HIS DIAPER WAS WET. AND THEN WHILE CHANGING HIM, THE BOTTLE WAS KICKED OVER AND THE FORMULA SPILLED AND...

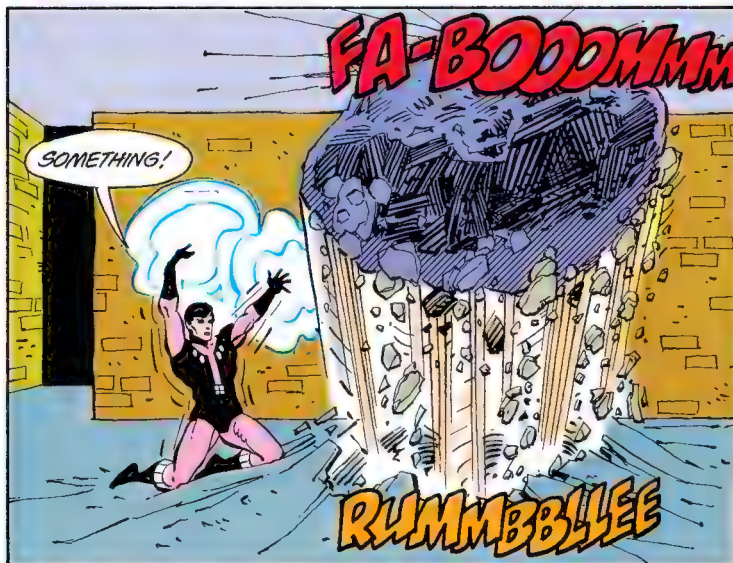
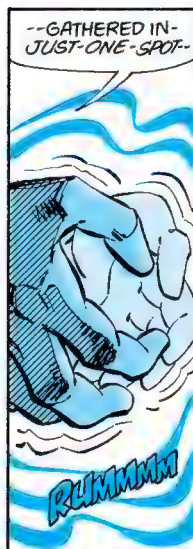
I SEE. I PUT YOU INTO AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

FSSSSST

OTOK, I AM MOST DISAPPOINTED. HER REPLACEMENT WILL BE MORE QUALIFIED --

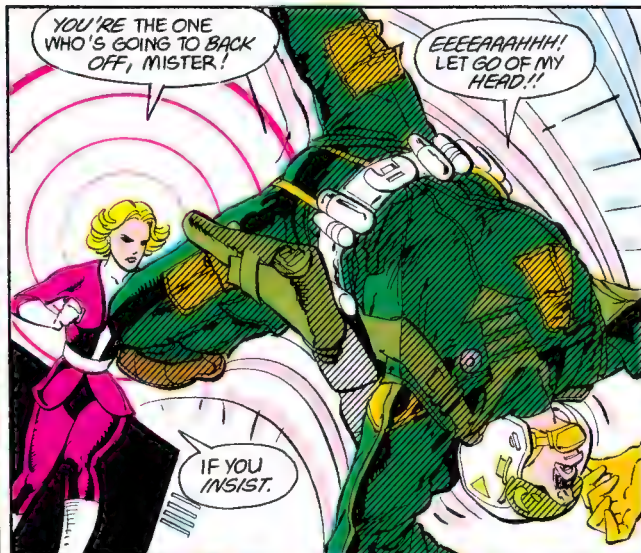
-- OR ELSE.





ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! BACK UP, AGAINST WHAT'S LEFT OF THAT WALL!

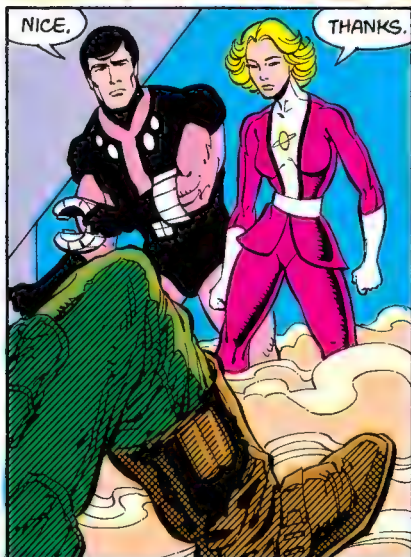
I KNEW YOU HADDA BE PLANNING SOMETHIN--



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BACK OFF, MISTER!

EEEEAAAAHHH! LET GO OF MY HEAD!!

IF YOU INSIST.



NICE.

THANKS.



NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

CORRIDORS LOOK CLEAR. ARE YOU PICKING UP ANYTHING?

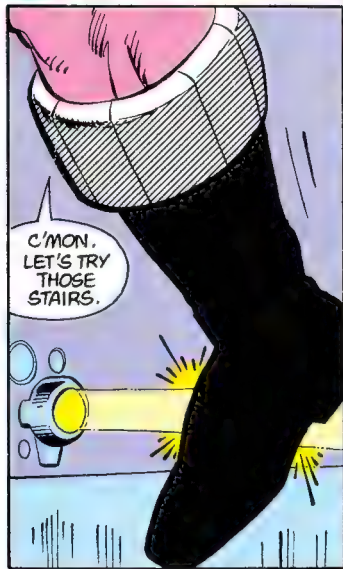
NOTHING DEFINITE. YOUR ROCK WAS FELT ALL OVER, BUT NOBODY'S CONNECTED IT WITH US-- YET.



HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS THERE, ANYWAY?

IT WASN'T. I MADE THAT "ROCK". I FIGURED THIS PLACE WAS BUILT ON TOP OF AGE-OLD RUINS--

--SO I REACHED DOWN A FEW STRATA, AND MAGNETICALLY PULLED TOGETHER WHATEVER SCRAP METAL WAS THERE.



C'MON. LET'S TRY THOSE STAIRS.



WHERE'S THAT COMING FROM?

CELLBANK 347. THE LEGIONNAIRES.



ALERT!-- ALERT!

THE LEGIONNAIRES HAVE ESCAPED. ALL UNITS-- ON ALERT!

READY FOR BATTLE?

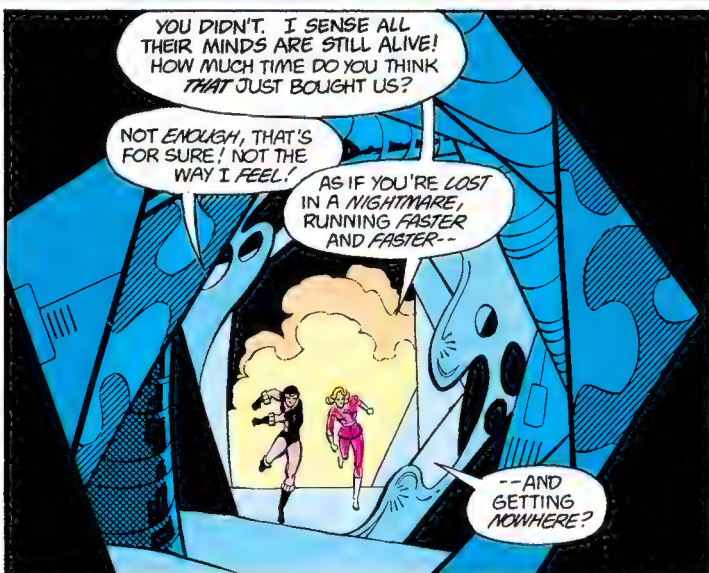
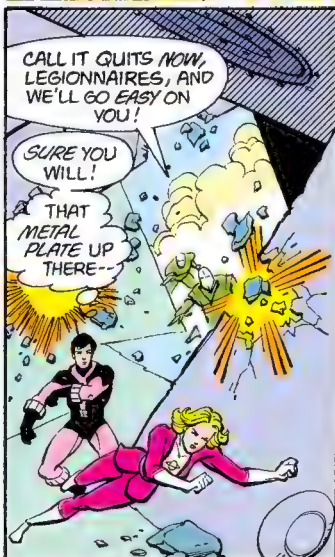
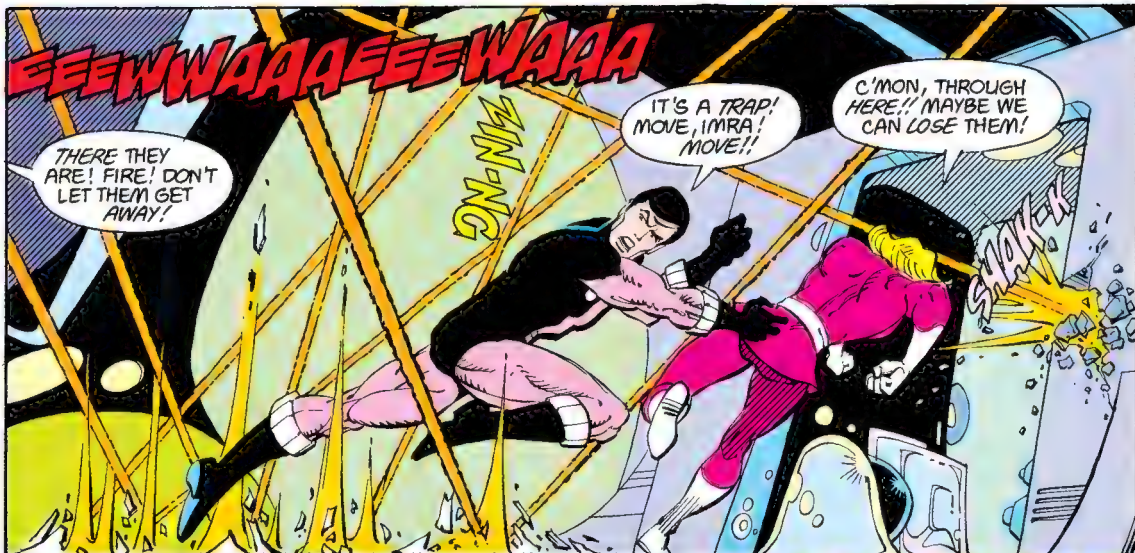
JUST LET THEM TRY AND STOP ME!

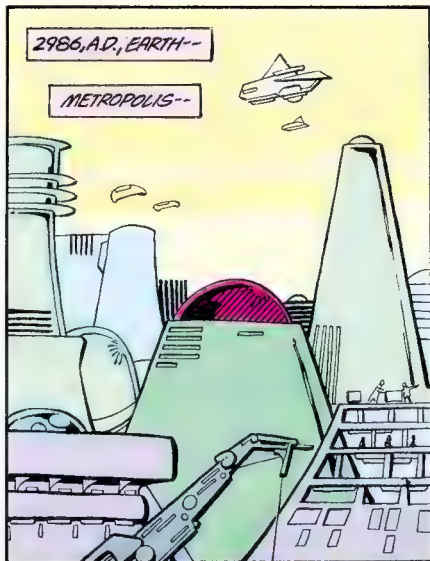
IMRA, LOOK
AWAY! DON'T
LOOK!

EEEEEEWAEEEEWAEEEEW

I'M--I'M
TRYING
NOT TO!







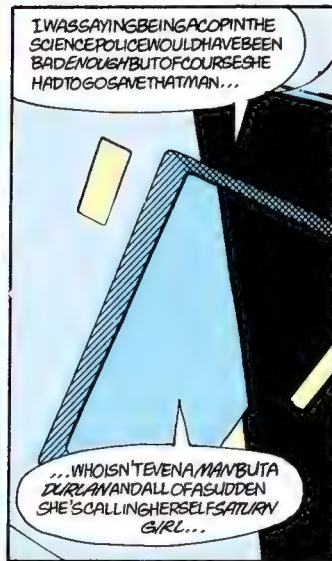
2986, A.D., EARTH--

METROPOLIS--



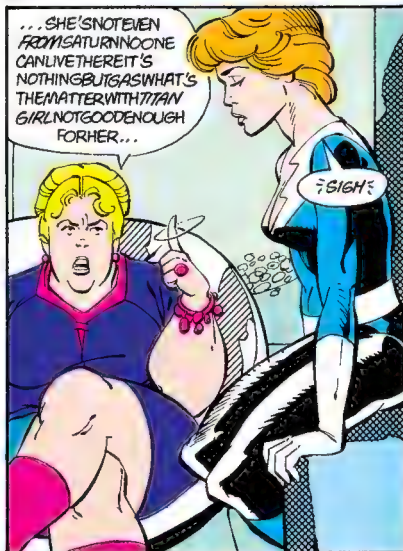
--LEGION HEADQUARTERS--

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOMEDAY I TOLD HER MOTHER NOT TO LET HER GO OFF TO EARTH BUT OF COURSE NO ONE LISTENED TO ME...



I WAS SAYING BEING A COP IN THE SCIENCE POLICE WOULD HAVE BEEN BAD ENOUGH BUT OF COURSE SHE HAD TO GO SAVE THAT MAN...

...WHO ISN'T EVEN A MAN BUT A DURLAN AND ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE'S CALLING HERSELF SATURN GIRL...

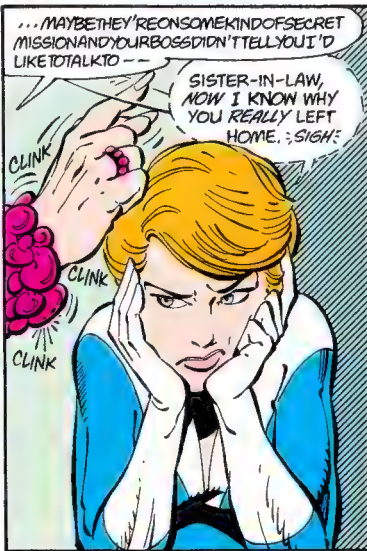


...SHE'S NOT EVEN FROM SATURN NO ONE CAN LIVE THERE IT'S NOTHING BUT GAS WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GIRL NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER...

SIGH



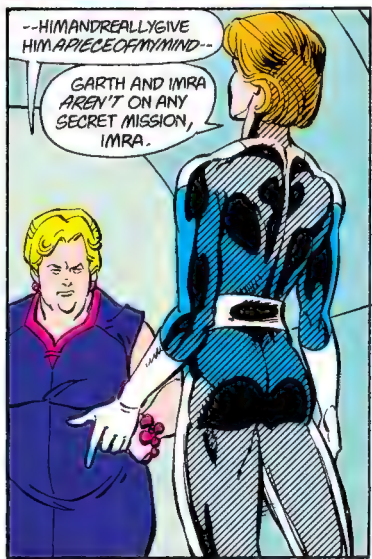
...BUT ANYWAY IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG I'D STILL BE STRANDED HERE MY DEAR ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG I THOUGHT I HEARD NOISES COMING FROM INSIDE THEIR APARTMENT RIGHT BEFORE YOU GOT THERE...



...MAYBE THEY'RE RECON SOME KIND OF SECRET MISSION AND YOUR BOSS DIDN'T TELL YOU I'D LIKE TO TALK TO --

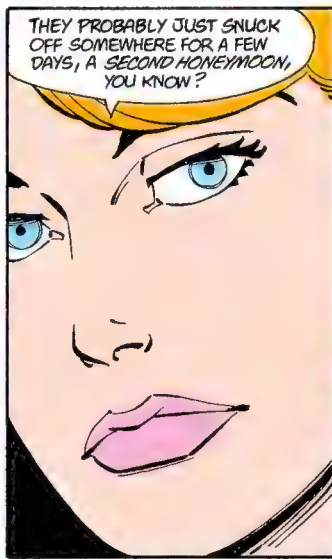
SISTER-IN-LAW, NOW I KNOW WHY YOU REALLY LEFT HOME. SIGH

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

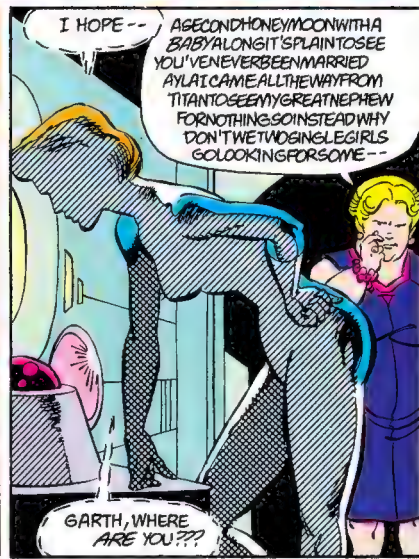


--HIM AND REALLY GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND--

GARTH AND IMRA AREN'T ON ANY SECRET MISSION, IMRA.



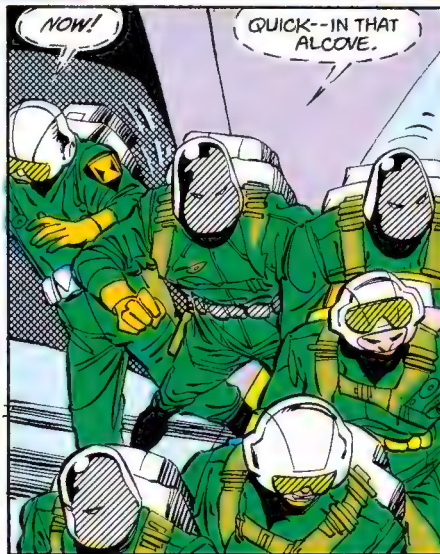
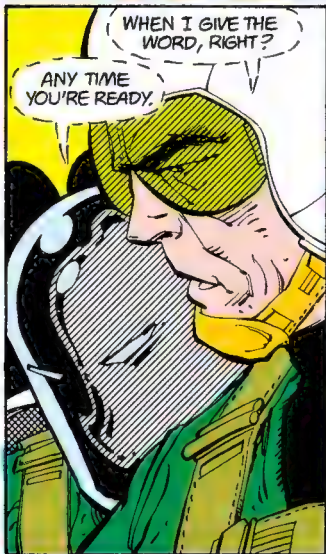
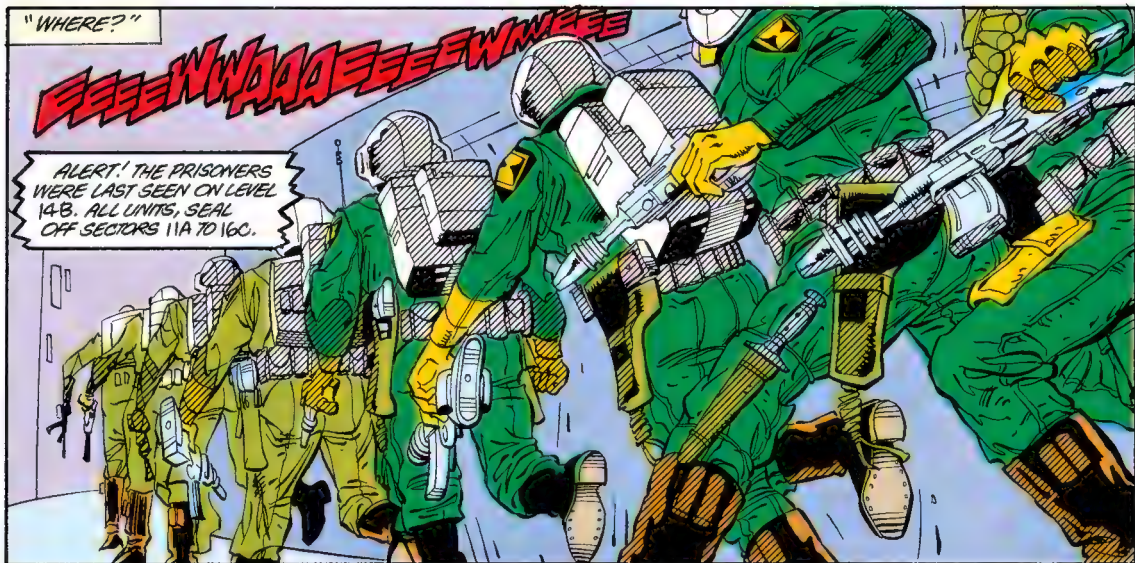
THEY PROBABLY JUST SNUCK OFF SOMEWHERE FOR A FEW DAYS, A SECOND HONEYMOON, YOU KNOW?



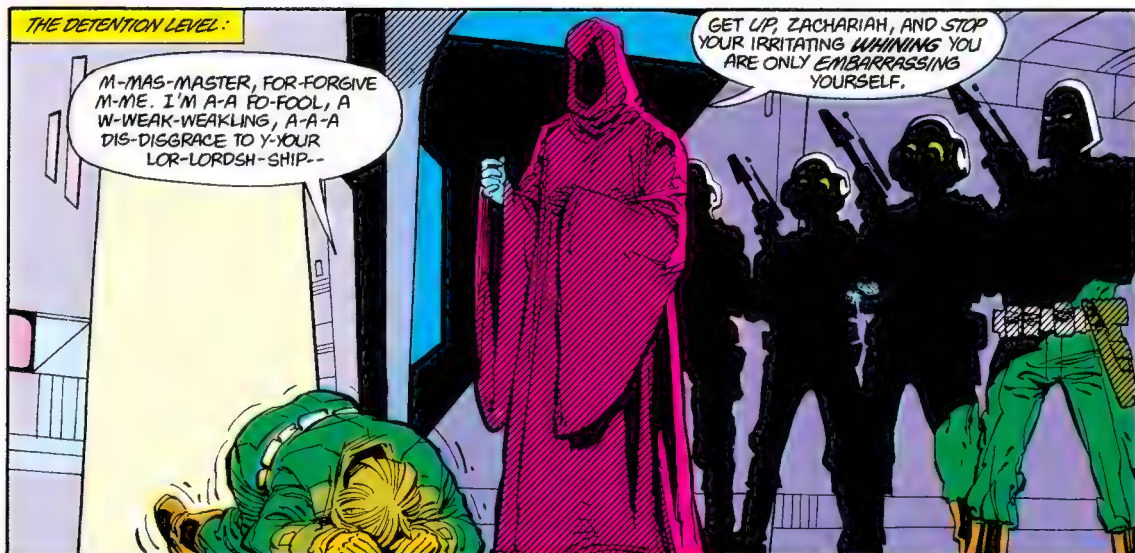
I HOPE --

A SECOND HONEYMOON WITH A BABY ALONG IT'S PLAIN TO SEE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MARRIED AYLA! CAME ALL THE WAY FROM TITAN TO SEE MY GREAT NEPHEW FOR NOTHING SO INSTEAD WHY DON'T TWO WEDDING LEGS GO LOOKING FOR SOME --

GARTH, WHERE ARE YOU???



THE DETENTION LEVEL:



M-MAS-MASTER, FOR-FORGIVE
M-ME. I'M A-A FO-FOOL, A
W-WEAK-WEAKLING, A-A-A
DIS-DISGRACE TO Y-YOUR
LOR-LORDSH-SHIP--

GET UP, ZACHARIAH, AND STOP
YOUR IRRITATING WHINING YOU
ARE ONLY EMBARRASSING
YOURSELF.



I AM NOT UNAWARE OF THE
CALIBER OF THE PRISONERS
YOU WERE ASSIGNED. SATURN
GIRL AND COSMIC BOY
DESERVE THEIR REPUTATIONS.



BU-BU-BU-BU-BU--



BUT YOU STILL FEEL GUILTY? THAT
IS YOUR PREROGATIVE, ZACHARIAH.



IT IS JUST ONE MORE PLAY
IN A GAME THAT HAS NOT
YET REACHED ITS CLIMAX.

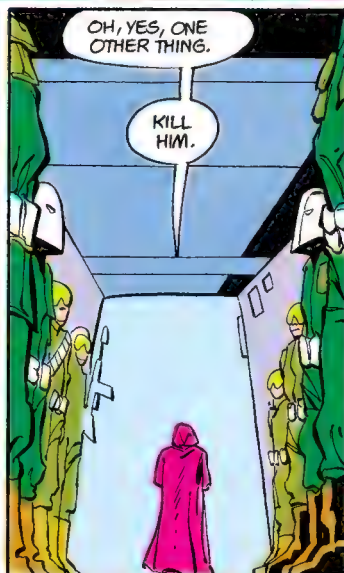
THE ONLY SURPRISE
WOULD HAVE BEEN
THEIR CONTINUED
CAPTIVITY...

... BUT THEN,
THERE ARE NO
TRUE SURPRISES
IN THIS
COMPETITION.



I CAN THINK OF ONE.
I'M STILL ALIVE.

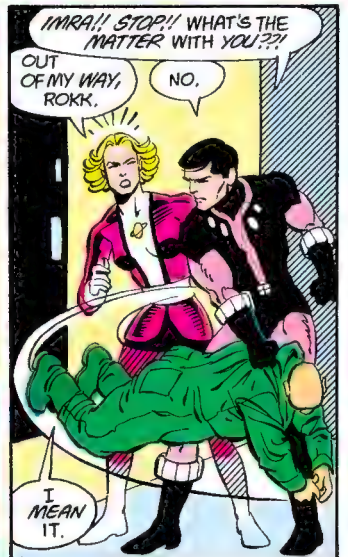
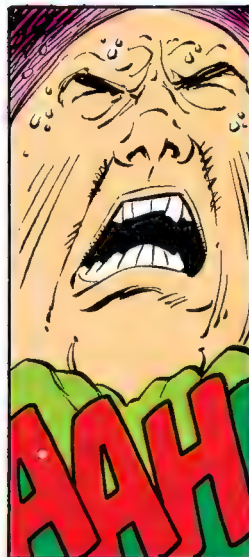
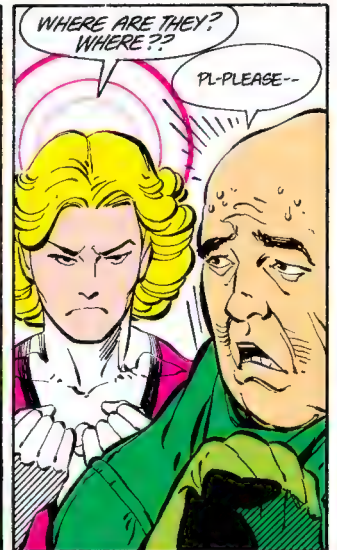
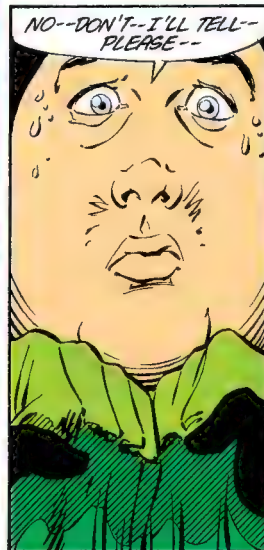
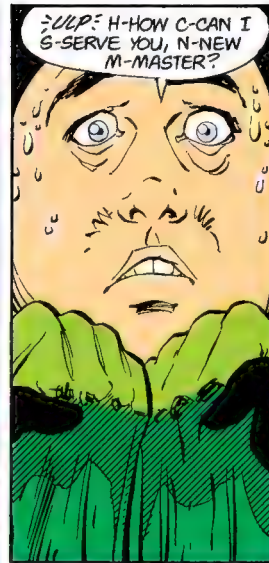
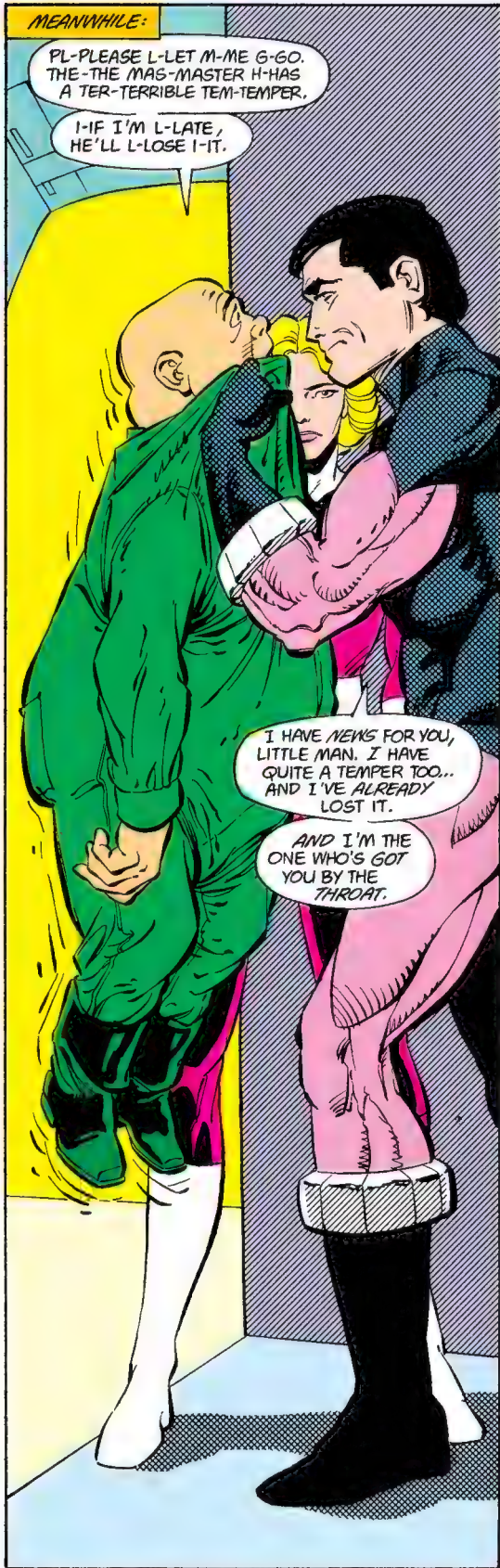
THANK THE LORD.

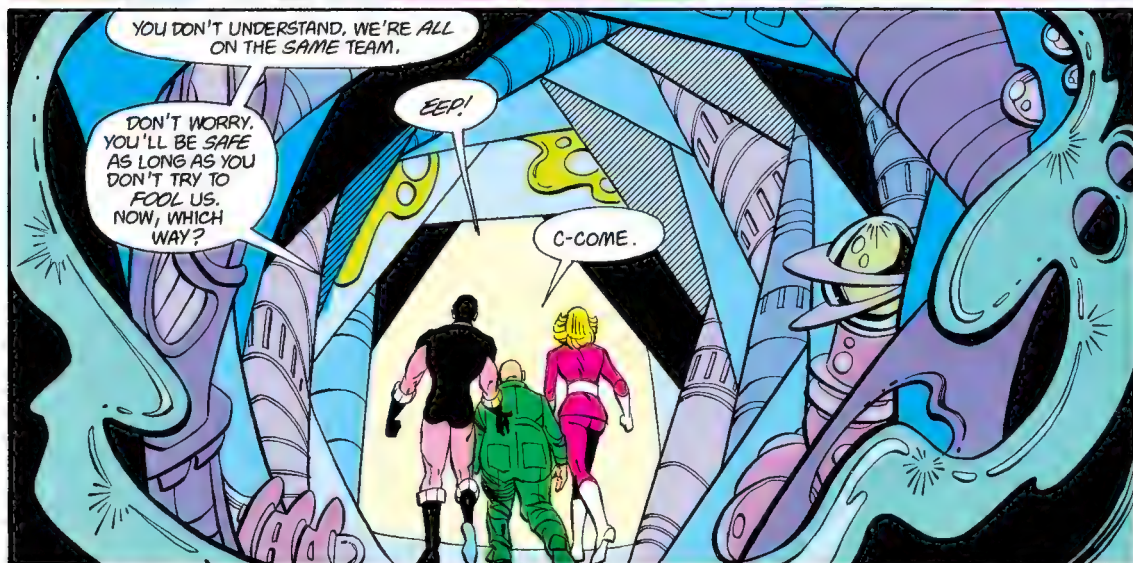
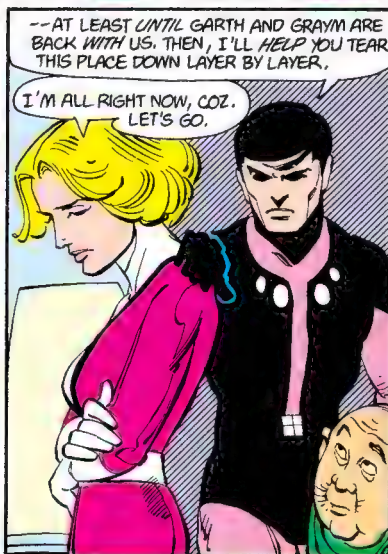
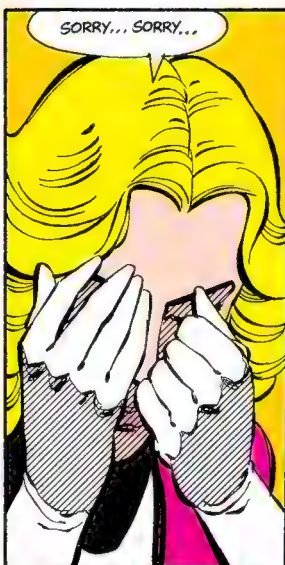
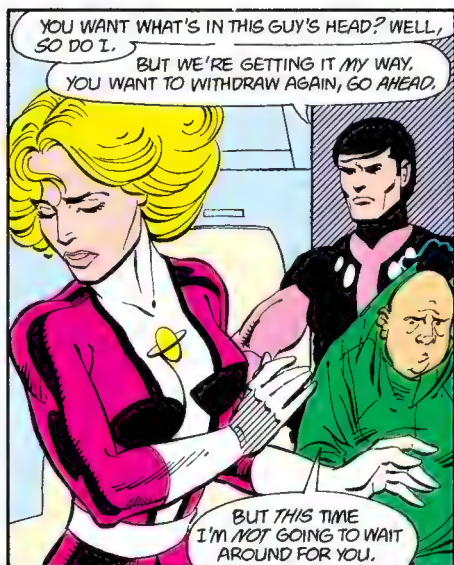


OH, YES, ONE
OTHER THING.

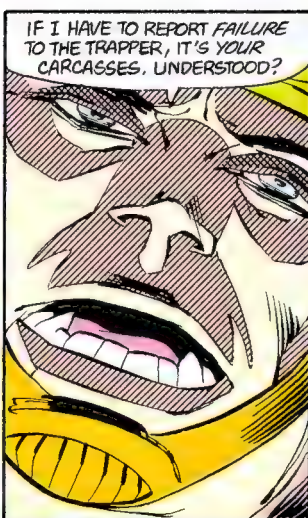
KILL
HIM.











THE TIME TRAPPER'S STUDY:

MY GUARDS HAVE FAILED TO DETAIN COSMIC BOY AND SATURN GIRL ONCE AGAIN, AS I KNEW THEY WOULD.

HOWEVER, EACH DELAY, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, IS DEEPLY APPRECIATED... FOR THE SANDS OF TIME ARE FALLING AWAY...

... AND WITH THEM, MY PATIENCE.

I THOUGHT PERHAPS MY FINAL MOVE COULD WAIT UNTIL THE WIFE AND DEVOTED FRIEND WITNESSED IT FOR THEMSELVES.

THE OUTCOME WILL BE THE SAME WHETHER THEY ARE PRESENT OR NOT.

IT'S A PITY, HOWEVER.

THE LEGIONNAIRES STILL FIGHT UNDER THE BELIEF THAT IT IS YOUNG GRAYM WHO IS THREATENED.

THEY RUSH LIKE MICE IN A MAZE, SEARCHING FOR THEIR INNOCENT PIECE OF CHEESE...

...NEVER SUSPECTING THAT THE TRAP I SET HAS ALREADY CAUGHT ITS QUARRY!

GOOD EVENING.

YOU!!! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON--!!

SAVE YOUR BREATH. THOSE WRIST BANDS NEGATE YOUR POWER OF ELECTRICITY, AND PHYSICAL EXERTION IS USELESS.

YOU BELONG TO ME NOW, GARTH RANZZ.



LEMME
OUTTA
HERE!!

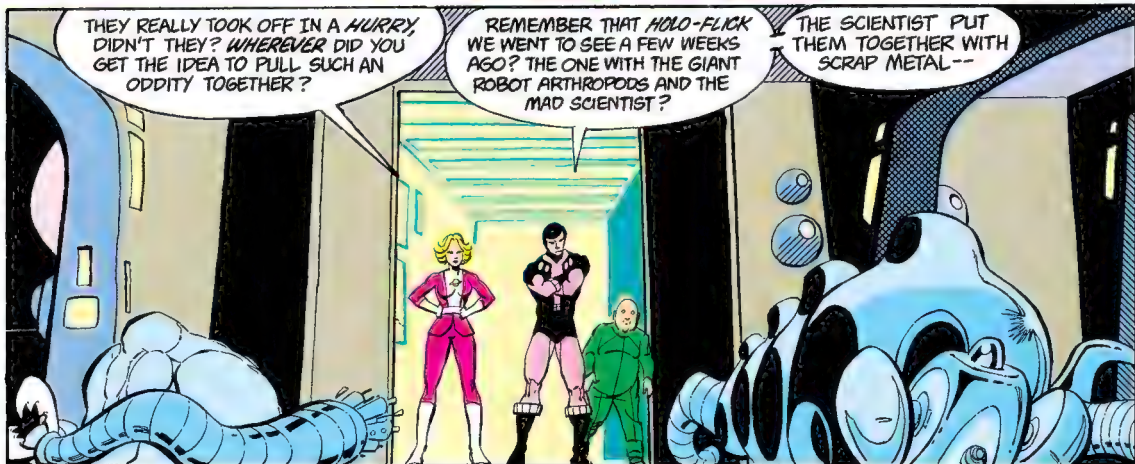
CLIK

AIEEEEE!

CLIK

NO!
HEELLPPP!

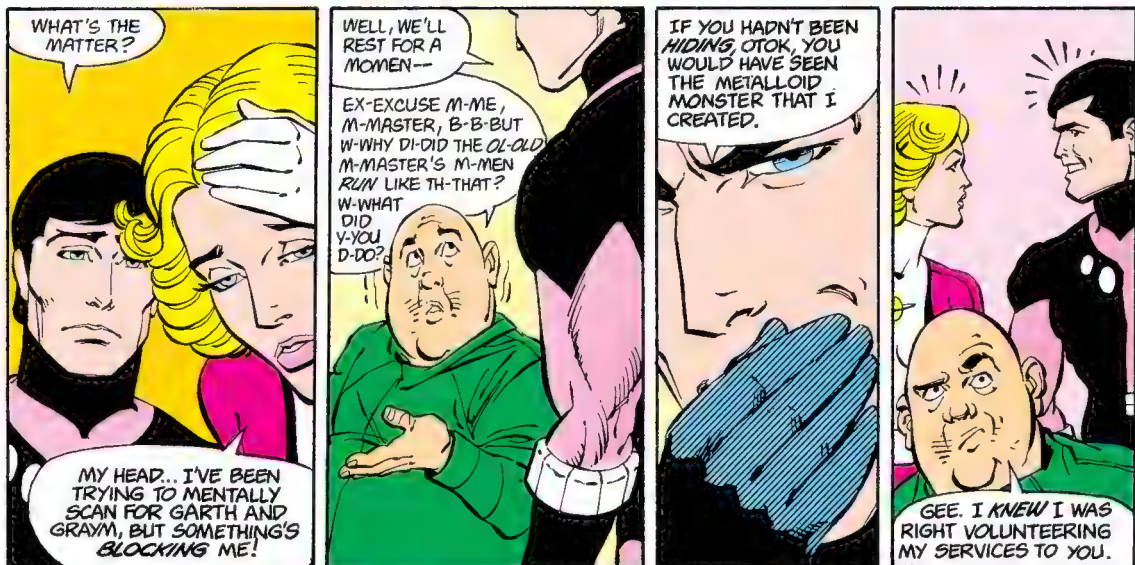
SCREEEEFK-K-K-K-K



THEY REALLY TOOK OFF IN A HURRY,
DIDN'T THEY? WHEREVER DID YOU
GET THE IDEA TO PULL SUCH AN
ODDITY TOGETHER?

REMEMBER THAT HOLO-FLICK
WE WENT TO SEE A FEW WEEKS
AGO? THE ONE WITH THE GIANT
ROBOT ARTHROPODS AND THE
MAD SCIENTIST?

THE SCIENTIST PUT
THEM TOGETHER WITH
SCRAP METAL--



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

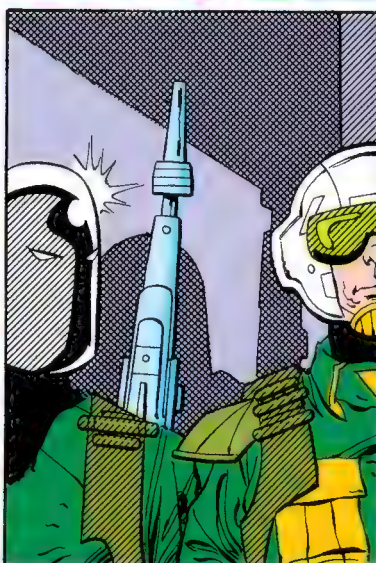
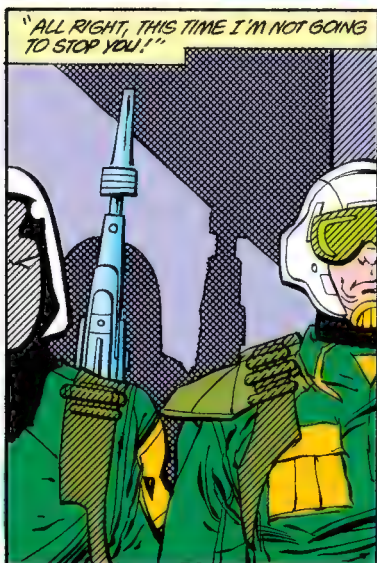
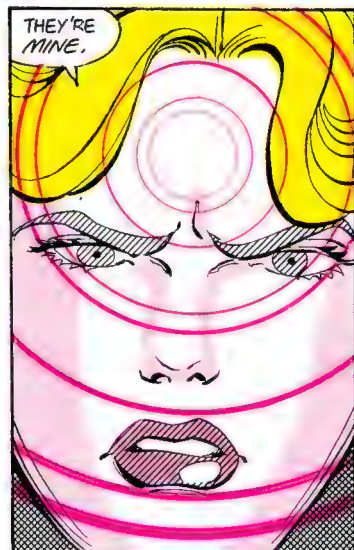
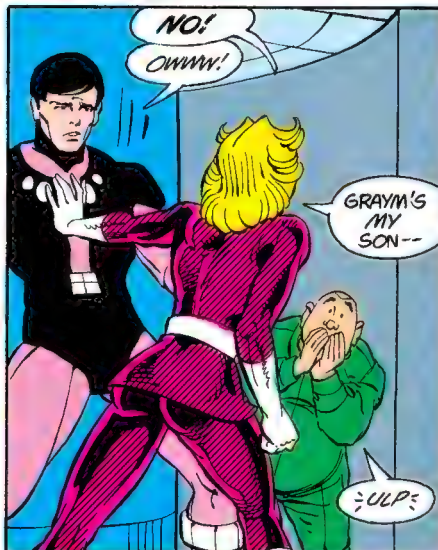
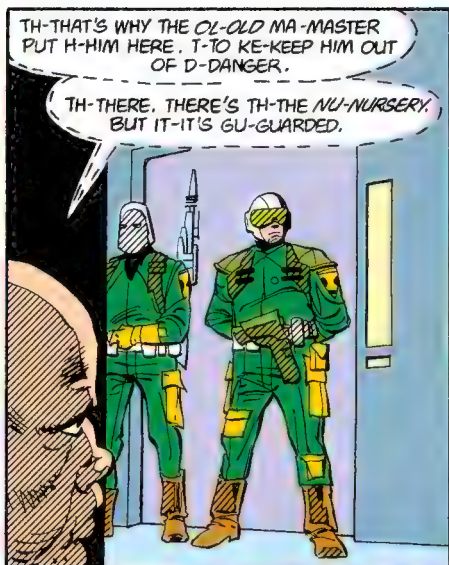
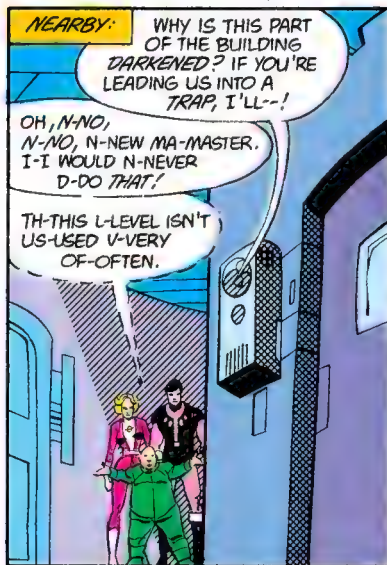
WELL, WE'LL
REST FOR A
MOMENT--

EX-EXCUSE M-ME,
M-MASTER, B-B-BUT
W-WHY DI-DID THE OL-OLD
M-MASTER'S M-MEN
RUN LIKE TH-THAT?
W-WHAT
DID
Y-YOU
D-DO?

IF YOU HADN'T BEEN
HIDING OTOK, YOU
WOULD HAVE SEEN
THE METALLOID
MONSTER THAT I
CREATED.

MY HEAD.. I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO MENTALLY
SCAN FOR GARTH AND
GRAYM, BUT SOMETHING'S
BLOCKING ME!

GEE. I KNEW I WAS
RIGHT VOLUNTEERING
MY SERVICES TO YOU.





OH, NO! WHAT DID I DO??!

REGREB!
REGREB,
SPEAK
TO ME!!

OH-H-H-H



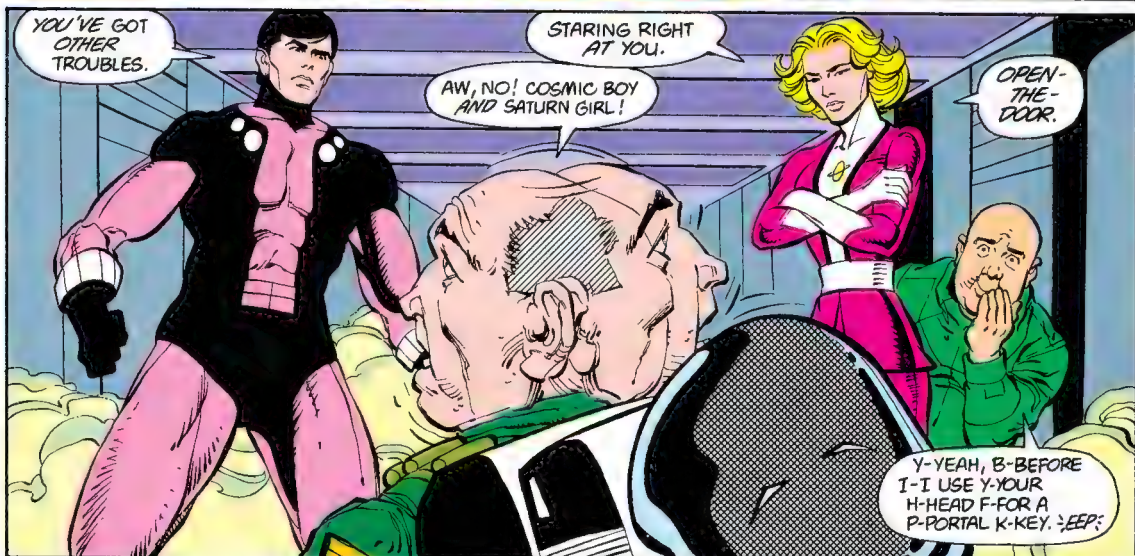
I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID THAT!
SOMETHING CAME OVER ME, REGREB!
WAKE UP!!

OH, THE TRAPPER'S GONNA
KILL ME FOR THIS.



OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE
GUY IN THE HOOD TOO MUCH IF I
WERE YOU.

YEAH? YOU THINK
MAYBE HE'LL
UNDERSTAND...



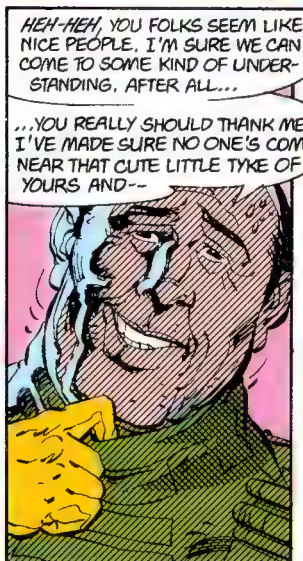
YOU'VE GOT
OTHER
TROUBLES.

STARING
RIGHT
AT YOU.

AW, NO! COSMIC BOY
AND SATURN GIRL!

OPEN-
THE-
DOOR.

Y-YEAH, B-BEFORE
I-I USE Y-YOUR
H-HEAD F-FOR A
P-PORTAL K-KEY. :EEP:



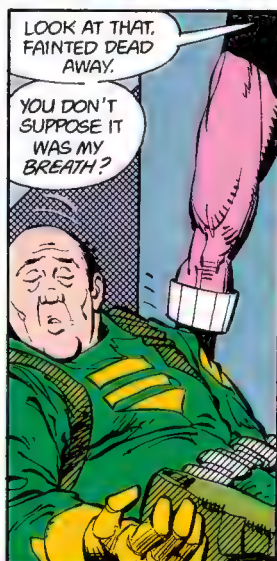
HEH-HEH, YOU FOLKS SEEM LIKE
NICE PEOPLE. I'M SURE WE CAN
COME TO SOME KIND OF UNDER-
STANDING, AFTER ALL....

...YOU REALLY SHOULD THANK ME.
I'VE MADE SURE NO ONE'S COME
NEAR THAT CUTE LITTLE TYKE OF
YOURS AND--



BOO!

I-I-



LOOK AT THAT,
FAINTED DEAD
AWAY.

YOU DON'T
SUPPOSE IT
WAS MY
BREATH?



GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO
APPLY MY NIMBLE FINGERS
AND A LITTLE MAGNETISM
AGAIN.

HURRY,
COZ!



GOT IT!

HUH?

GET AWAY FROM THAT CHILD! GET AWAY BEFORE I-I...

GRAYM?... HE'S... HE'S...

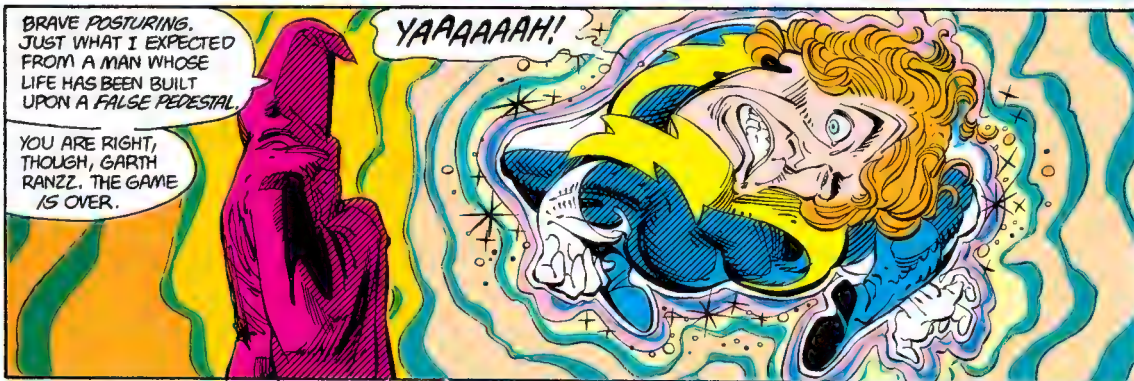
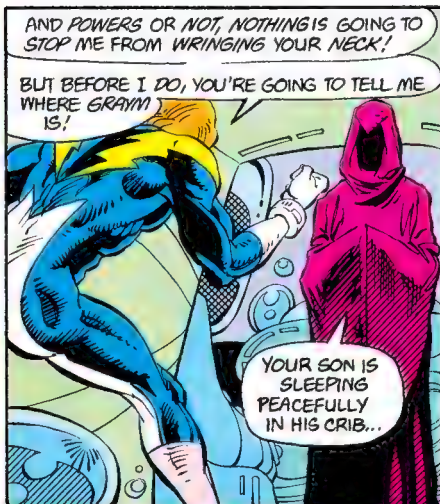
SLEEPING???

AYE, AND ON A FULL STOMACH, TOO! AND IF EITHER OF YE TWO DISTURB THIS WEE BAIRN, I'LL HAVE THE MASTER AFTER YE IN A THRICE!

I DON'T GET IT.

I DO, FINALLY! DON'T YOU SEE?

THE TRAPPER NEVER WANTED GRAYM!...



"...YOU'VE LOST".



NEXT:
FINALE!

KEITH GIFFEN . MINDY NEWELL . ERNIE COLÓN . KARL KESEL
PLOT AND DESIGN DIALOGUE PENCILLER INKER
JOHN COSTANZA CARL GAFFORD KAREN BERGER
LEITERER COLORIST EDITOR



4 PART MINI · SERIES

LEGIONNAIRES 3

MAY 86



OKAY,
TIME
TRAPPER--

--YOU WIN!





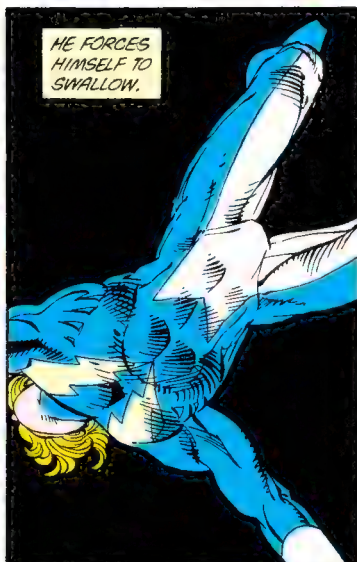


GARTH RANZZ IS
CHOKING ON HIS OWN
SCREAMS.



BUT COWARDICE IS NOT HIS NATURE.

N-N-NO!



HE FORCES
HIMSELF TO
SWALLOW.



BETTER TO DIE IN SILENCE, WITH
THE BILE OF TERROR CHURNING HIS
STOMACH...



...THAN TO LEAVE LIFE WITH THE TASTE
OF THE TIME TRAPPER'S VICTORY IN HIS
MOUTH.

BESIDES...

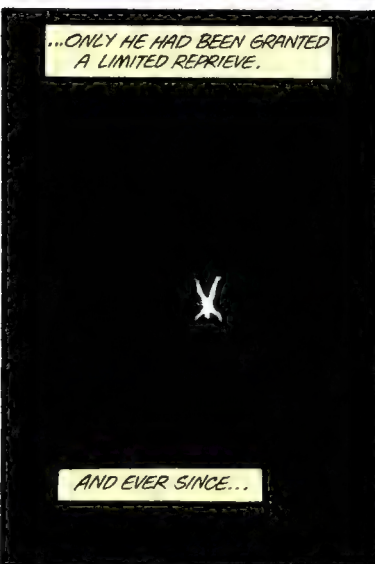


...GARTH RANZZ HAS KNOWN THE
COLD SHADOW-STEEL SCYTHE OF THE
REAPER.

DEATH IS NO
STRANGER TO
LIGHTNING LAD.

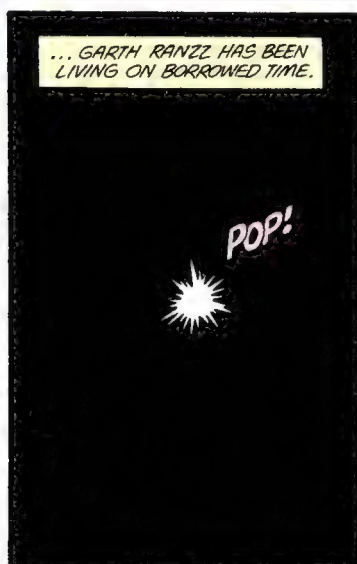


HE HAD BEEN CUT DOWN
ONCE BEFORE...



...ONLY HE HAD BEEN GRANTED
A LIMITED REPRIEVE.

AND EVER SINCE...



...GARTH RANZZ HAS BEEN
LIVING ON BORROWED TIME.

POP!

AND INTEREST HAS BEEN ACCRUED.



YOUR RESUME IS QUITE INTERESTING, MR. RANZZ.



OF COURSE, WE DON'T FIGHT KHUNDS AROUND HERE TOO OFTEN...

HUH??

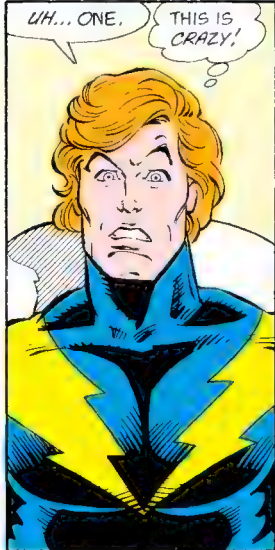


BUT OF COURSE, YOU DO HAVE MANAGERIAL SKILLS. HOW MANY TERMS AS LEGION LEADER WAS IT?



UH... ONE.

THIS IS CRAZY!



ONLY ONE, EH? THOUGHT IT WAS MORE.

STILL, A MAN WITH YOUR REPUTATION COULD BE USEFUL. AN EX-LEGIONNAIRE... HMMM.



I DON'T MIND STARTING AT THE BOTTOM IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES, MR. DEGAS.

THIS HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE.



BOTTOM? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOTTOM?

THAT KIND OF PUBLICITY WOULD ONLY HURT THE COMPANY, NOT HELP IT.



NOW I REMEMBER! YOU WERE ONLY INTERESTED IN THE PRESTIGE OF HAVING ME IN YOUR FIRM!

YOU DIDN'T CARE ABOUT MY QUALIFICATIONS!

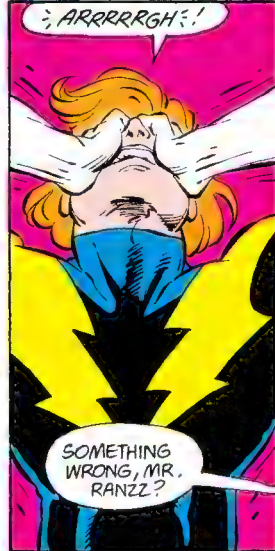


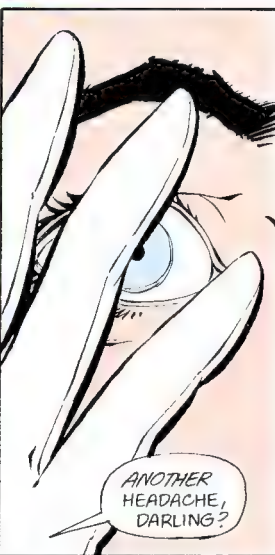
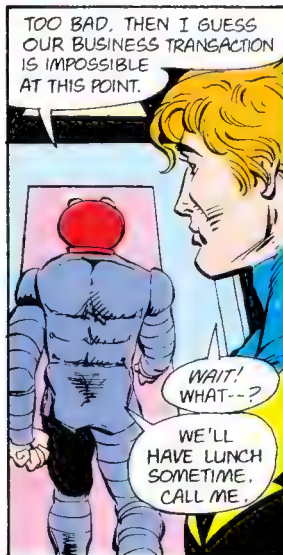
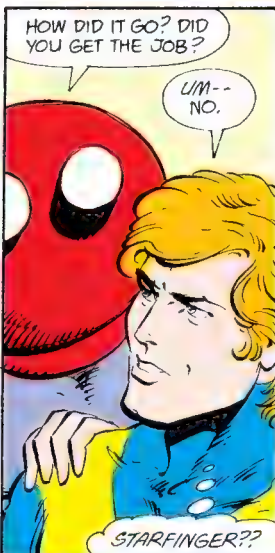
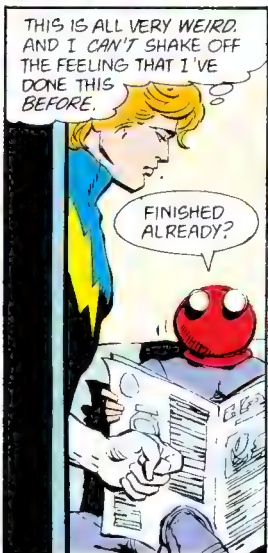
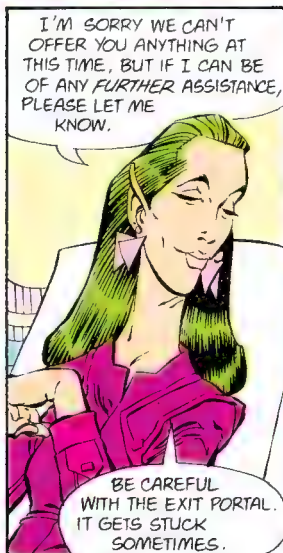
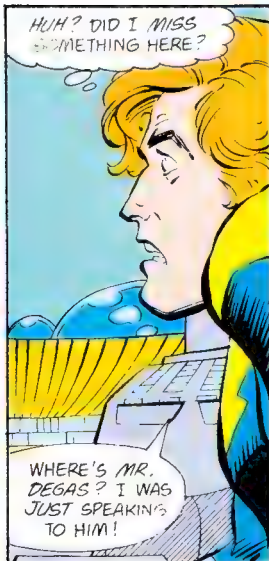
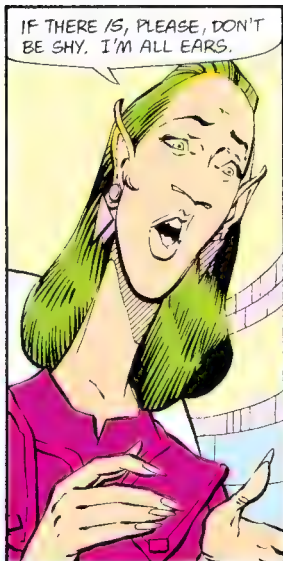
QUALIFICATIONS? GROW UP, BOY! IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW, IT'S WHO YOU KNOW!

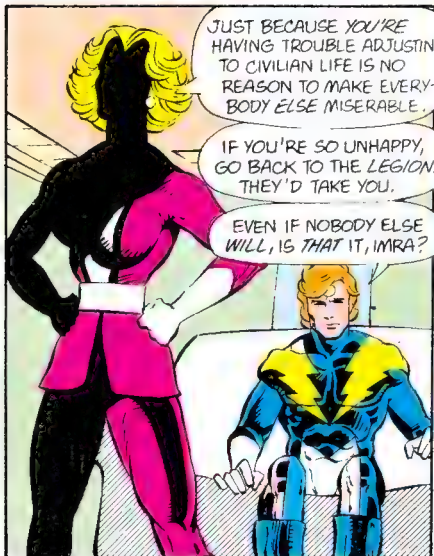
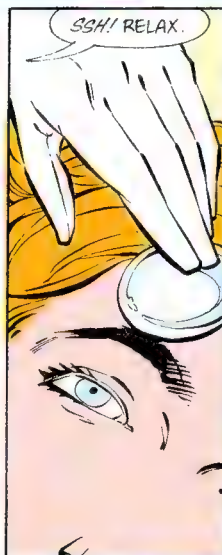
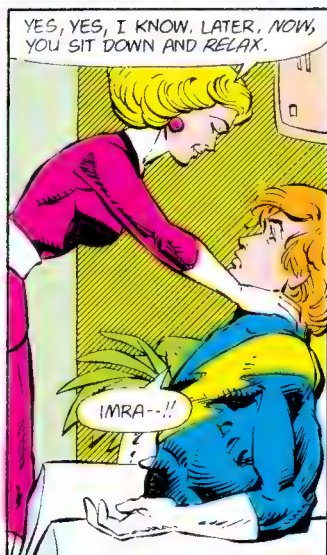
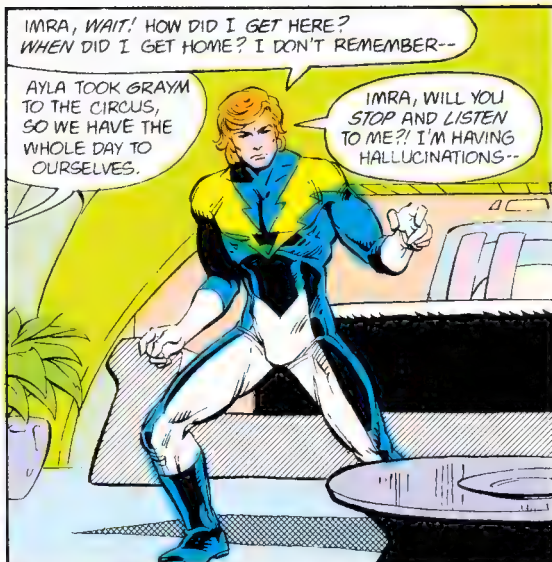
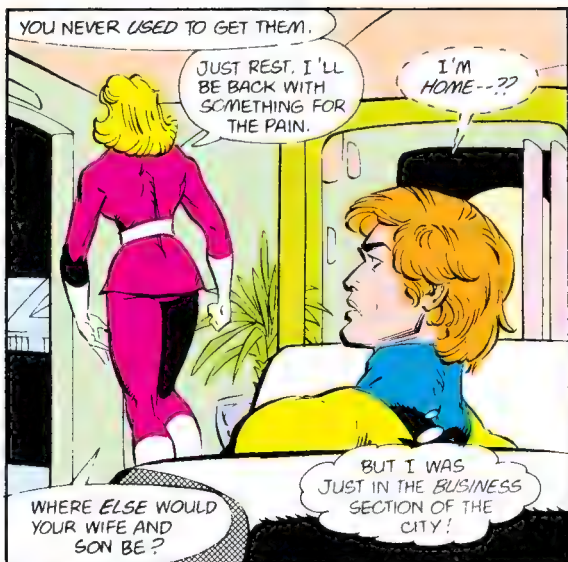


ARRRRRGH!!

SOMETHING WRONG, MR. RANZZ?









NO MORE!!



IMRA! I'M THROUGH WITH PEOPLE WALKING AWAY WITHOUT EXPLANATIONS! YOU HEAR ME?!

IMRA,
COME
BACK--!



--HERE??

SHE'S GONE.
PACKED HER BAGS
AND LEFT. TOOK GRAYM
AND WENT TO LIVE WITH
HER AUNT IMRA.

AND ALL I HAVE LEFT
OF MY MARRIAGE IS
ONE-HALF OF HIS-
AND-HERS
LINENS.



MY FAULT. COULDN'T
FIND A JOB, SUPPORT
A FAMILY THE WAY I
SHOULD HAVE.

NO!!



'SHE'D NEVER LEAVE! I KNOW
HER! I KNOW MY WIFE!'

BUT SOMEONE IS PLAYING
MIND-GAMES WITH ME, OR
WITH THE PEOPLE AROUND ME,
MAKING THEM DO OR SAY
THINGS THEY
NORMALLY
WOULDN'T...

... AND WHEN
I GET MY
HANDS ON
WHOEVER IS--



MY
GOD!!

AND AGAIN
THERE IS THE
EBON VOID,
BLANKETING
HIM IN TERROR.

AND AGAIN THERE
IS THE DESPERATE
DESIRE TO SCREAM
FOR MERCY FROM
THE MASTER.



MOST
INTERESTING.

LIGHTNING LAD
DISPLAYS A PSYCHOLOGICAL
SOUNDNESS I WAS UNAWARE
HE POSSESSED.

BUT THE SANDS
OF TIME ARE
RUNNING
OUT...

...THE GAME
MUST SOON BE
OVER...

...BUT THE GRAINS
OF HIS SANITY ARE AS
EASILY SIFTED.

HE WILL NOT
ESCAPE THE NEXT
TRAP.

GARTH RANZZ IS SWIMMING IN THE STENCH OF HIS OWN FEAR...

... AND ITS HOT PUTRID BREATH IS WASHING OVER HIM.

NO... NO,
THIS CAN'T BE
REAL...

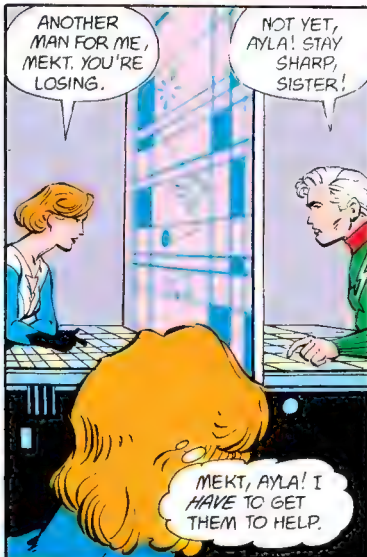
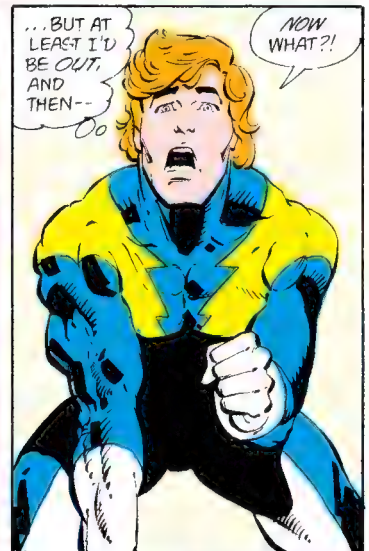
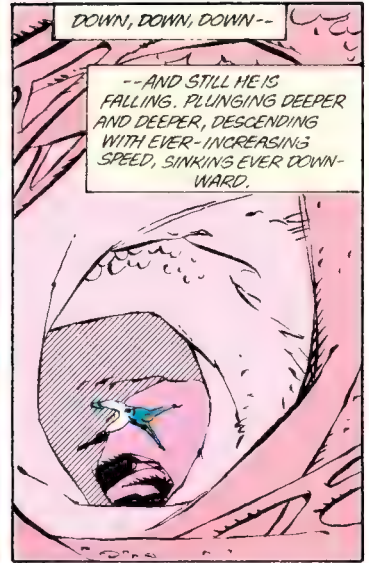
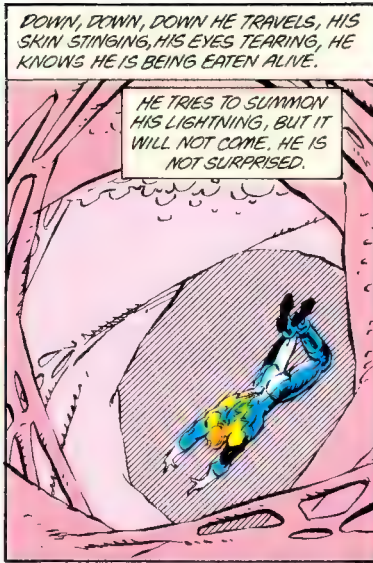
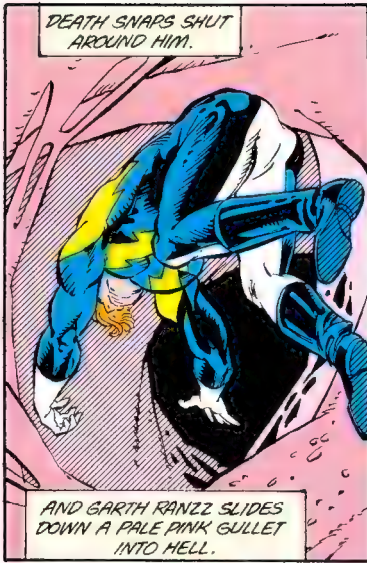
NO... NOT
AGAIN... PLEASE,
GOD...

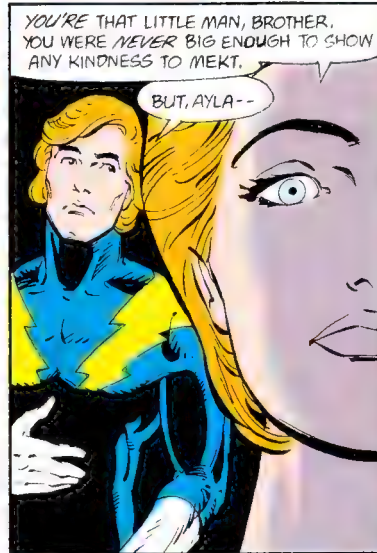
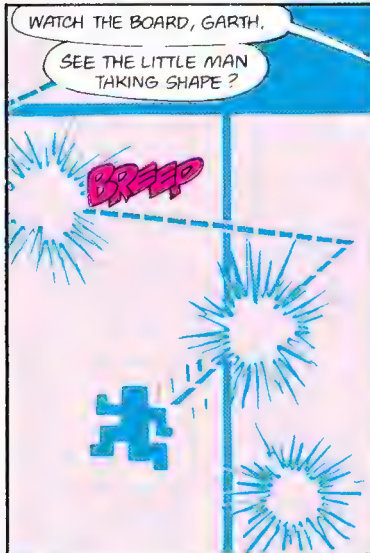
PLEASE! IMRA!
COZ! SOMEBODY!
HELP ME!

NOT THIS WAY!
I CAN'T! I WON'T!
IMRA! WHERE
ARE YOU?? HELP
ME!!

THE JAWS OF THE BEAST
ARE CLOSING DOWN UPON
HIM, AND NOW-- AT LAST--
HE GIVES IN TO FEAR.

AWEEEEEEEEEE!!







THE TIME TRAPPER'S CITADEL:

I'M ASKING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL ANSWER TRUTHFULLY!

AYE, SIR, AND YE'LL BE TAKING THE BACK OF YER HAND TO ME NEXT, BUT I HAVE ALREADY TOLD YE--

I KNOW NOTHING OF THE MASTER'S PLANS.



I WAS TOLD ONLY TO KEEP THE BAIRN SAFE AND HAPPY, AND TO SEE THAT ALL HIS NEEDS WERE MET.

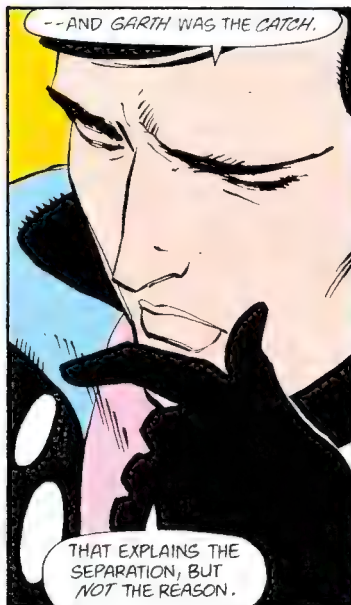


IF YE CANNA ACCEPT THE TRUTH OF ME WORDS, LOOK AT THE BABE. DOES HE LOOK AS IF I HURT HIM?



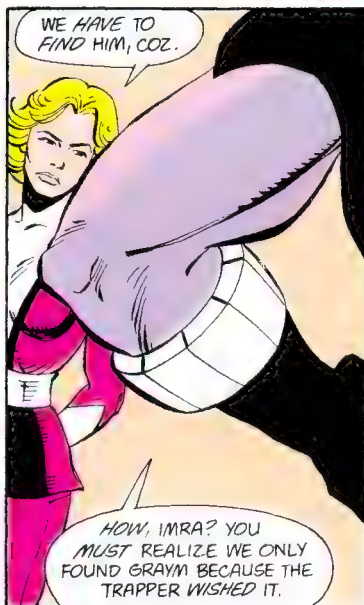
SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, COZ. LEAVE THE POOR WOMAN ALONE.

GRAYM IS FINE. WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE? AFTER ALL, HE WAS ONLY THE BAIT--



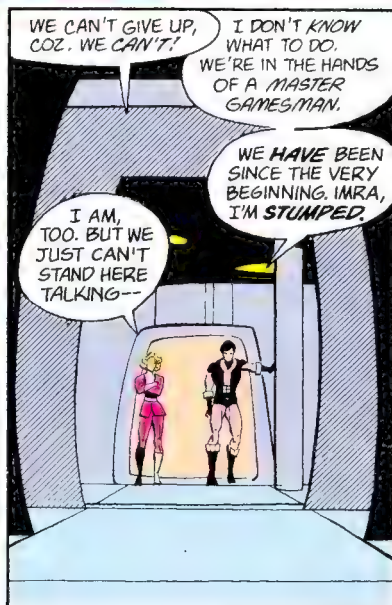
--AND GARTH WAS THE CATCH.

THAT EXPLAINS THE SEPARATION, BUT NOT THE REASON.



WE HAVE TO FIND HIM, COZ.

HOW, IMRA? YOU MUST REALIZE WE ONLY FOUND GRAYM BECAUSE THE TRAPPER WISHED IT.

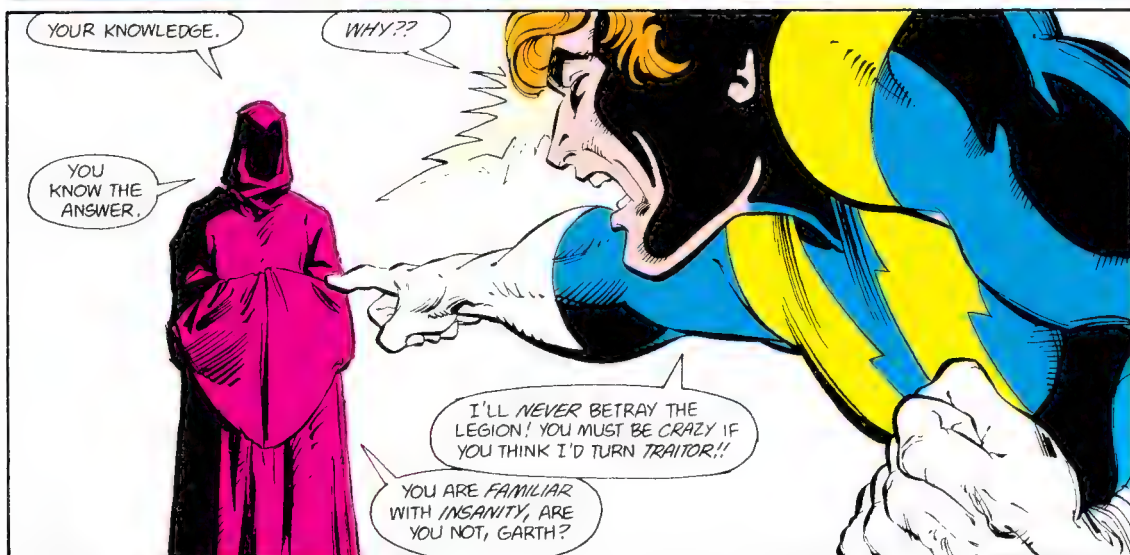
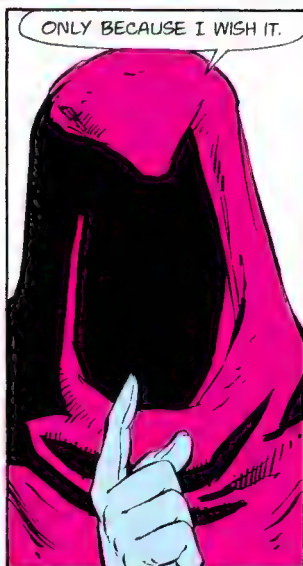
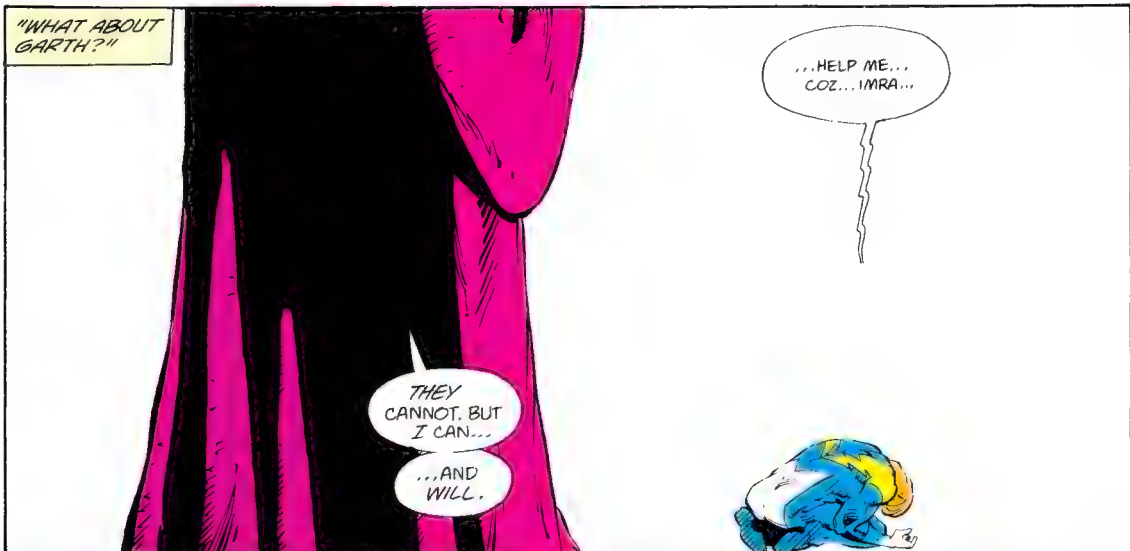


WE CAN'T GIVE UP, COZ. WE CAN'T!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. WE'RE IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER GAMESMAN.

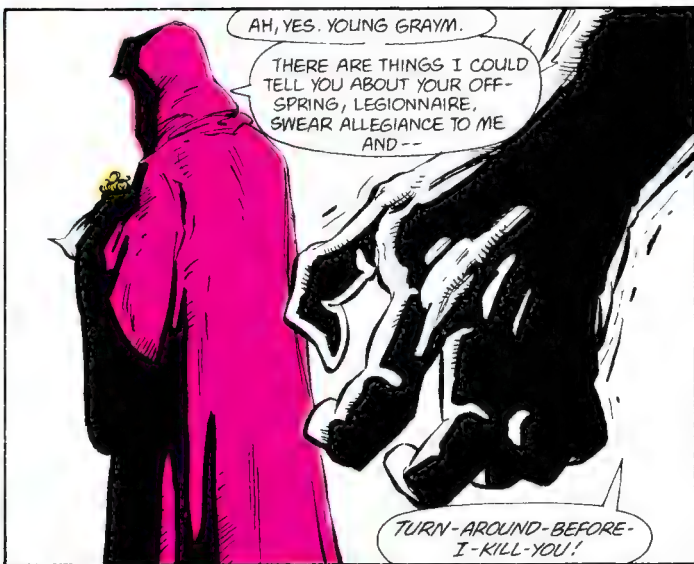
WE HAVE BEEN SINCE THE VERY BEGINNING. IMRA, I'M STUMPED.

I AM, TOO. BUT WE JUST CAN'T STAND HERE TALKING--





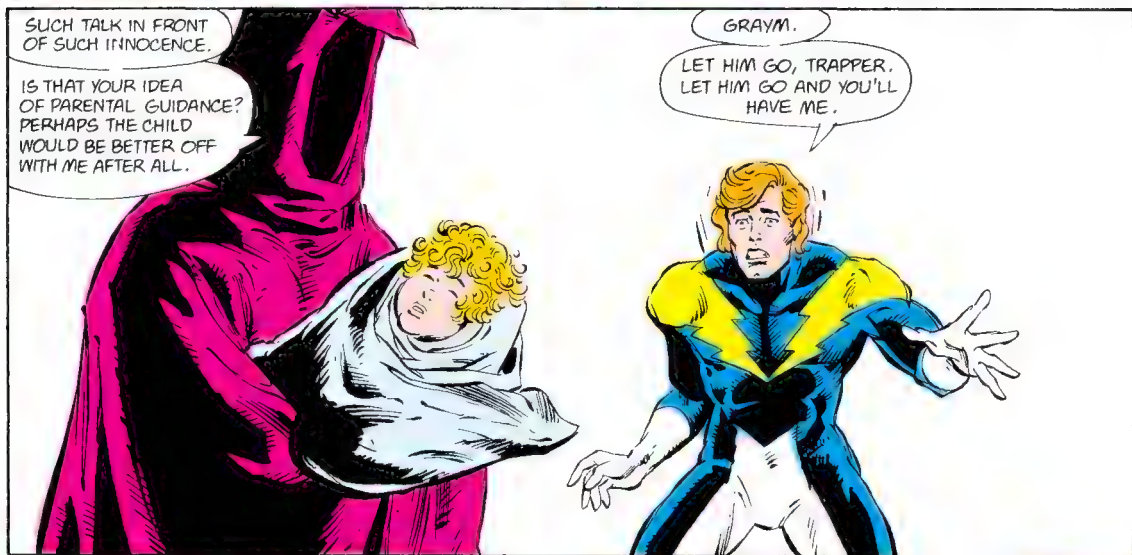
YOU WANT TO PLAY? FIRST--
GIVE ME BACK MY SON!



AH, YES. YOUNG GRAYM.

THERE ARE THINGS I COULD
TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR OFF-
SPRING, LEGIONNAIRE.
SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO ME
AND--

TURN-AROUND-BEFORE-
I-KILL-YOU!

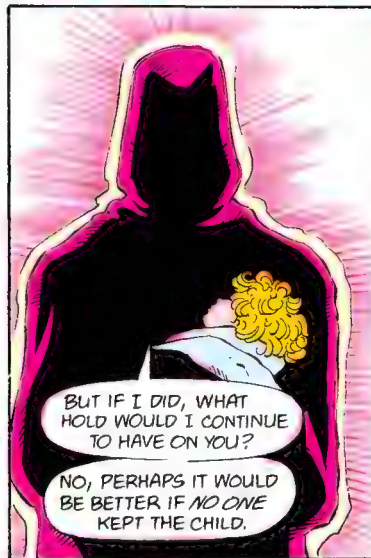


SUCH TALK IN FRONT
OF SUCH INNOCENCE.

IS THAT YOUR IDEA
OF PARENTAL GUIDANCE?
PERHAPS THE CHILD
WOULD BE BETTER OFF
WITH ME AFTER ALL.

GRAYM.

LET HIM GO, TRAPPER.
LET HIM GO AND YOU'LL
HAVE ME.



BUT IF I DID, WHAT
HOLD WOULD I CONTINUE
TO HAVE ON YOU?

NO, PERHAPS IT WOULD
BE BETTER IF NO ONE
KEPT THE CHILD.



I SHALL ERASE THE MEMORY OF
GRAYM FROM YOUR WIFE'S MIND--
FROM ALL THAT
KNEW HIM.

I WOULD NOT
WANT TO WORRY ABOUT
A VENDETTA BEING
LAUNCHED AGAINST ME
LONG AFTER THIS
COMPETITION HAS ENDED..



...AND YOU SHALL BE
BELIEVED DEAD, THEY
WILL MOURN FOR A
TIME, AND THEN--

NO!!



GRAYM.

BABY. LITTLE
BOY.



BUT YOU SHALL REMEMBER,
GARTH. ALL THE DAYS OF
YOUR LIFE...

...YOU SHALL REMEMBER.

YOU...



YOU HAVE NO
RIGHT!

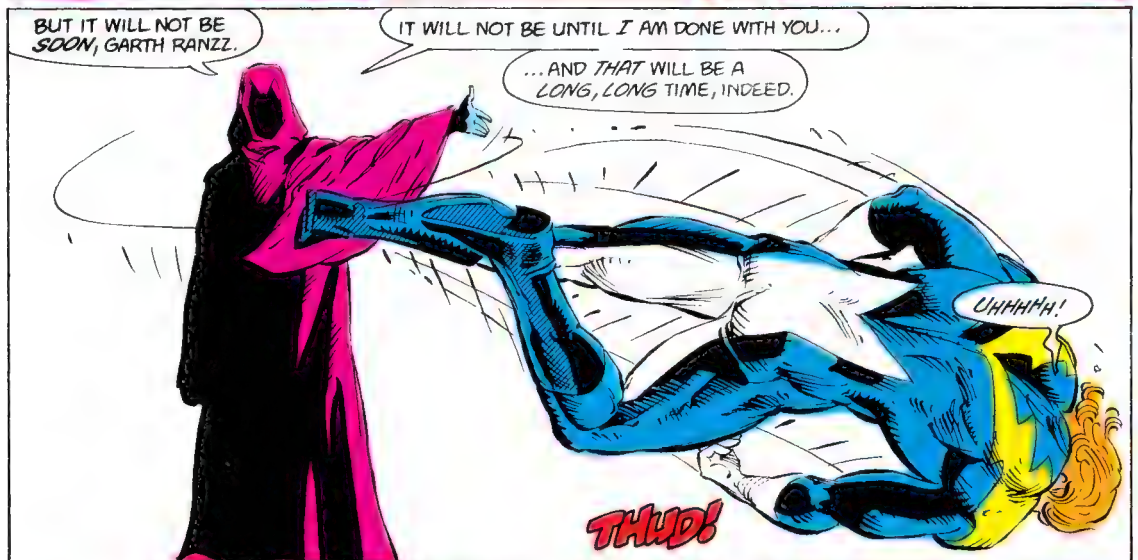


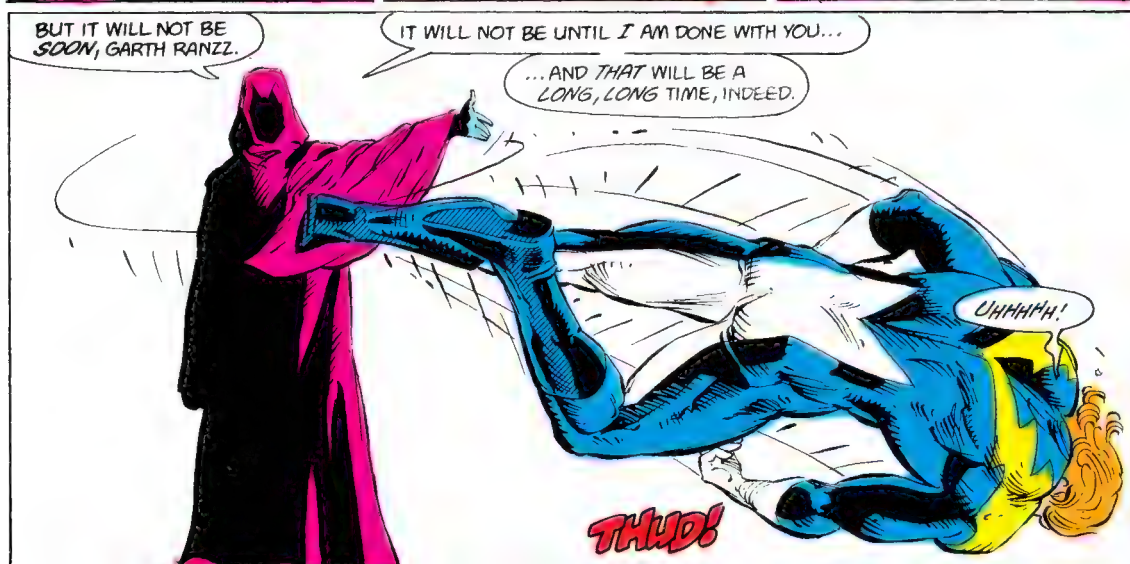
I'LL--!!

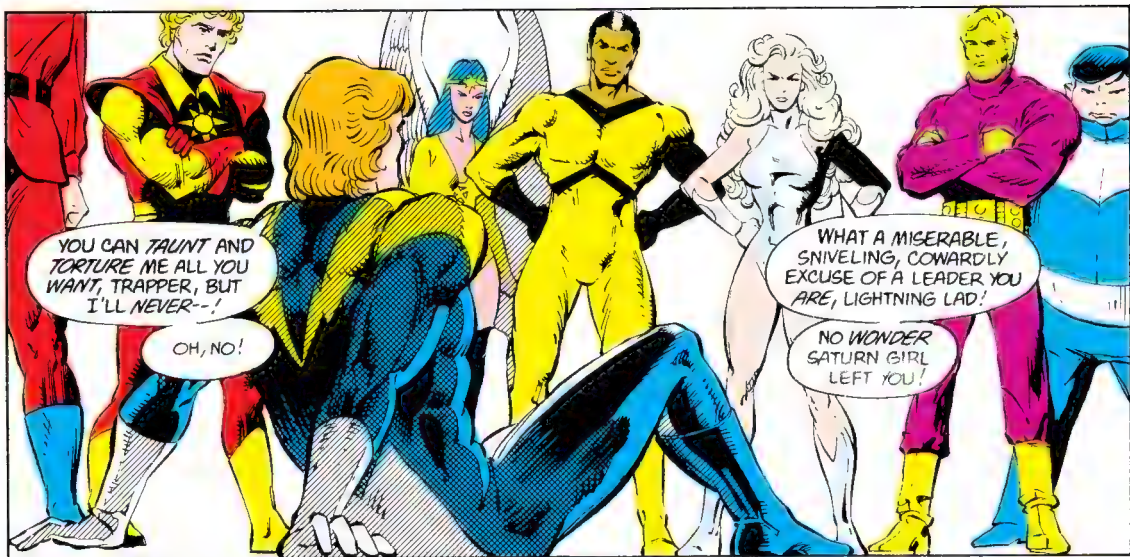
YOU SHALL
DO NOTHING!!!

--EXCEPT TO
GROVEL, BEG
FOR MERCY...

AND TELL ME
WHAT I WANT
TO KNOW!!!







YOU CAN TAUNT AND TORTURE ME ALL YOU WANT, TRAPPER, BUT I'LL NEVER--!

OH, NO!

WHAT A MISERABLE, SNIVELING, COWARDLY EXCUSE OF A LEADER YOU ARE, LIGHTNING LAD!

NO WONDER SATURN GIRL LEFT YOU!



YOU ALL LOOK SO REAL!

IT'S NOT GOING TO WORK, TRAPPER!



THERE HE GOES AGAIN WITH THAT FANTASY OF HIS.

WE SHOULD HAVE COMMITTED HIM YEARS AGO, FOR HIS OWN GOOD.



NO! YOU'RE NOT REAL! I WON'T ACCEPT ANY OF THIS AS REAL!



ENOUGH OF THIS, MES AMIS. LET US GO.

TRY AND GET SOME REST, GARTH. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DO.



I KNOW YOU DO, BRAINIAC FIVE, OR WOULD... IF YOU WERE REAL. BUT YOU'RE NOT.

A-ARE YOU?



SIGH: GET SOME SLEEP, GARTH.

DR. GYM'LL WILL BE HERE IN THE MORNING. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP...

...BUT IF THAT INCLUDES COMMITTING YOU, BELIEVE ME, IT'LL BE FOR THE BEST.



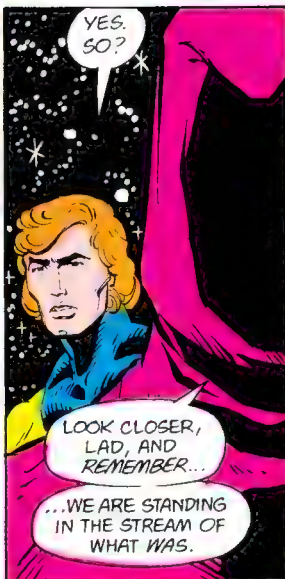
--BUT I WILL STILL **BREAK** YOU, AND RELEASE THE MADNESS THAT YOU HIDE INSIDE!

BY **CHANGING** THE SCENERY, TRAPPER? DOESN'T MATTER. I'M NOT WHAT YOU THINK.

EVENTUALLY YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME GO, OR ELSE KILL ME. EITHER WAY, I--

THIS MOMENT, UNLIKE THE OTHERS, IS NO ILLUSION OF TIME, GARTH RANZZ.

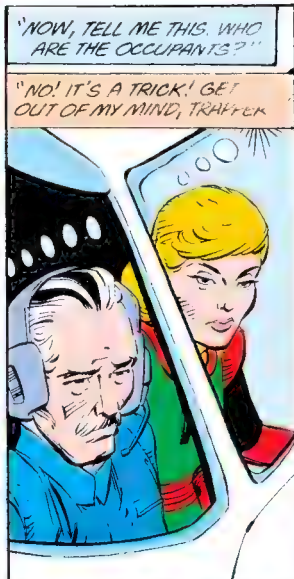
LOOK AROUND YOU. DO YOU SEE THAT SMALL PRIVATE LEAR CRUISER?



YES. SO?

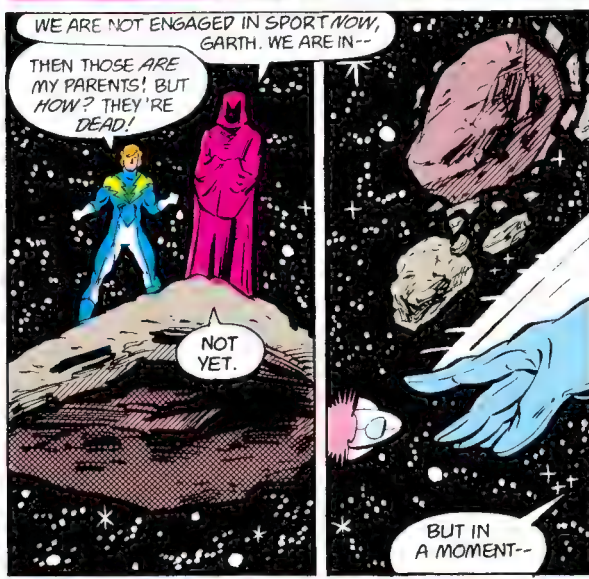
LOOK CLOSER, LAD, AND REMEMBER...

...WE ARE STANDING IN THE STREAM OF WHAT WAS.



"NOW, TELL ME THIS. WHO ARE THE OCCUPANTS?"

"NO! IT'S A TRICK! GET OUT OF MY MIND, TRAPPER!"

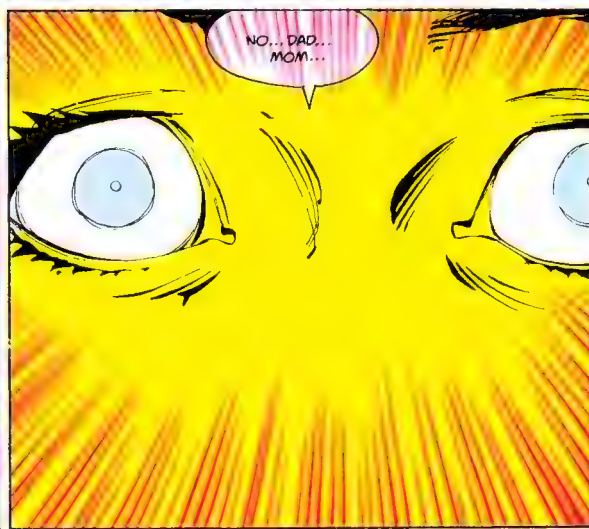


WE ARE NOT ENGAGED IN SPORT NOW, GARTH. WE ARE IN--

THEN THOSE ARE MY PARENTS! BUT HOW? THEY'RE DEAD!

NOT YET.

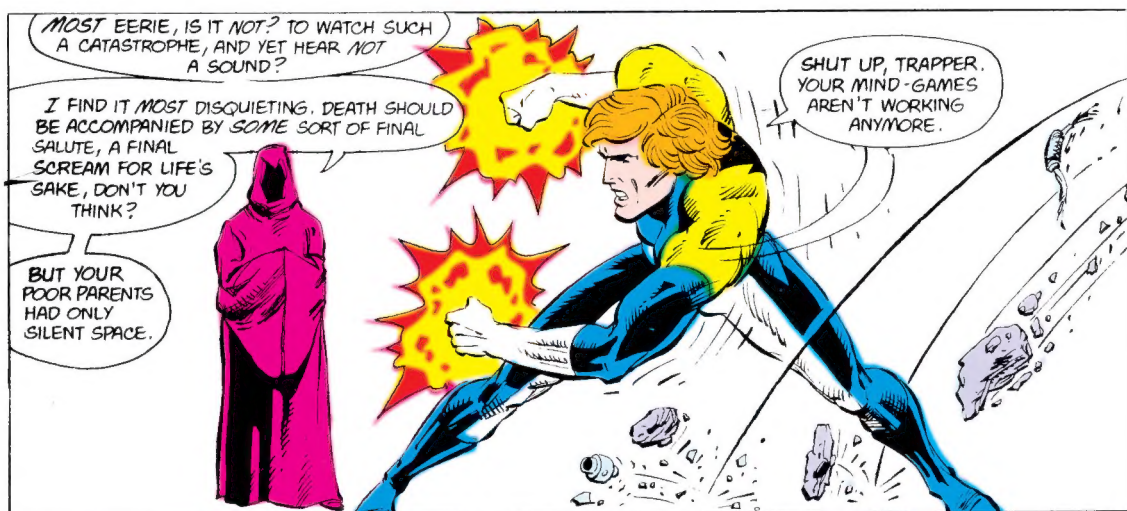
BUT IN A MOMENT--



NO... DAD... MOM...



Noooooo!

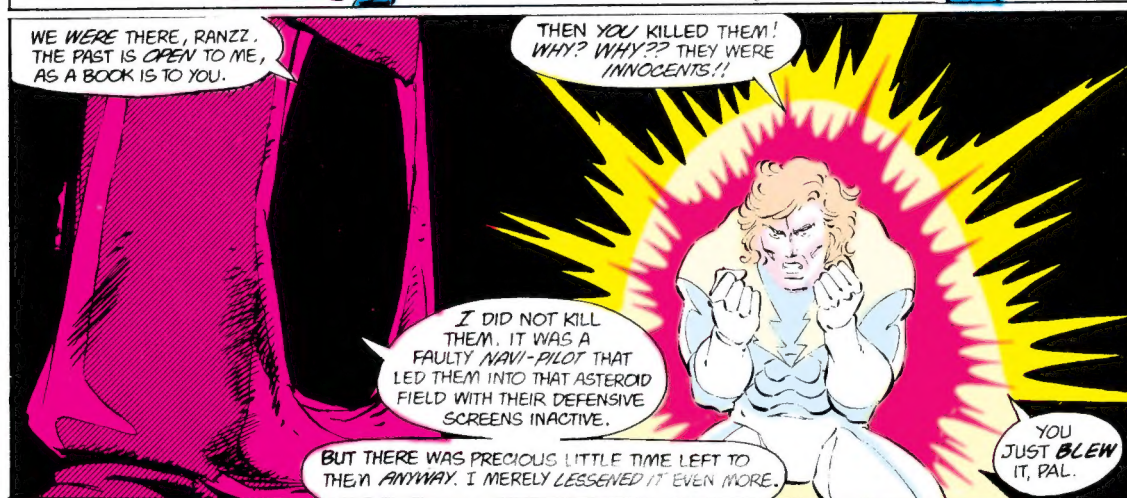


MOST EERIE, IS IT NOT? TO WATCH SUCH A CATASTROPHE, AND YET HEAR NOT A SOUND?

I FIND IT MOST DISQUIETING. DEATH SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY SOME SORT OF FINAL SALUTE, A FINAL SCREAM FOR LIFE'S SAKE, DON'T YOU THINK?

BUT YOUR POOR PARENTS HAD ONLY SILENT SPACE.

SHUT UP, TRAPPER. YOUR MIND-GAMES AREN'T WORKING ANYMORE.



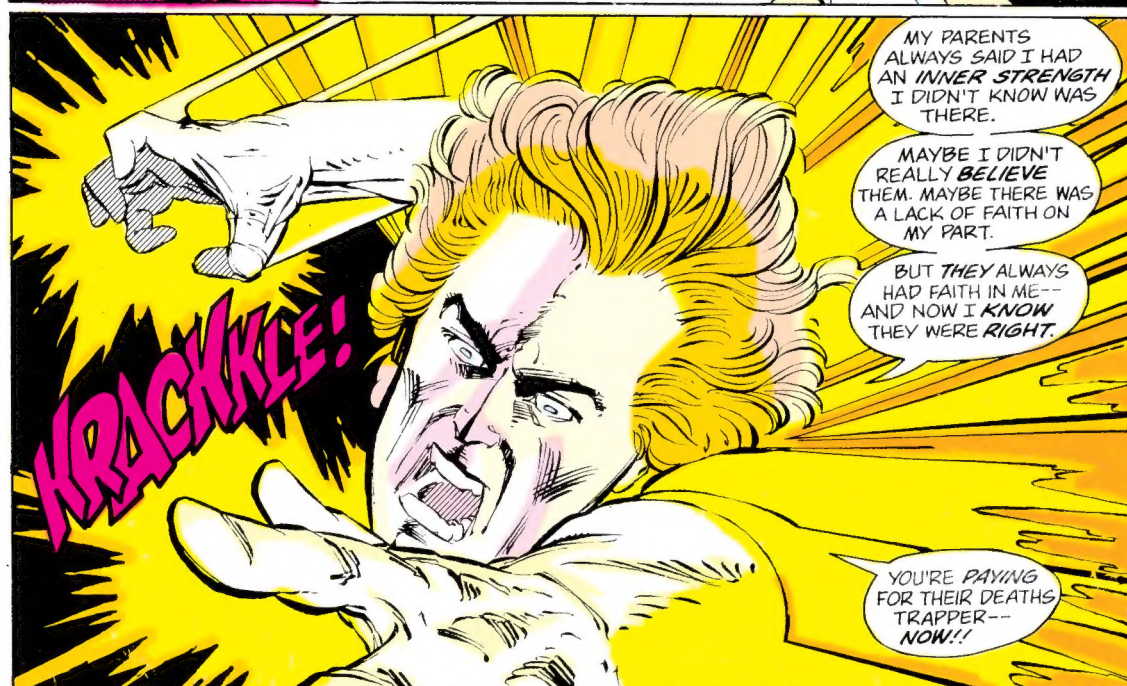
WE WERE THERE, RANZZ. THE PAST IS OPEN TO ME, AS A BOOK IS TO YOU.

THEN YOU KILLED THEM! WHY? WHY?? THEY WERE INNOCENTS!!

I DID NOT KILL THEM. IT WAS A FAULTY NAVI-PILOT THAT LED THEM INTO THAT ASTEROID FIELD WITH THEIR DEFENSIVE SCREENS INACTIVE.

BUT THERE WAS PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME LEFT TO THEM ANYWAY. I MERELY LESSENED IT EVEN MORE.

YOU JUST BLEW IT, PAL.



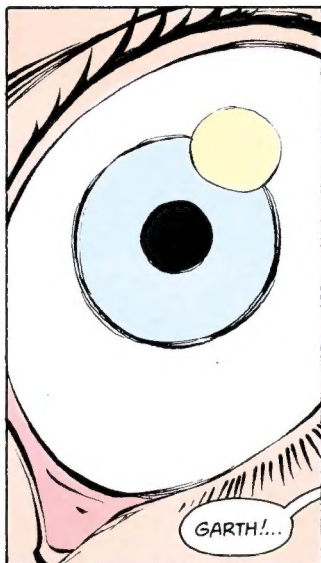
MY PARENTS ALWAYS SAID I HAD AN INNER STRENGTH I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THERE.

MAYBE I DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE THEM. MAYBE THERE WAS A LACK OF FAITH ON MY PART.

BUT THEY ALWAYS HAD FAITH IN ME-- AND NOW I KNOW THEY WERE RIGHT.

YOU'RE PAYING FOR THEIR DEATHS TRAPPER-- NOW!!

KRACKKLE!



GARTH!...

STOP! IT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'RE HOME AGAIN. WE'RE **ALL** HOME.

WHA--?? IMRA?? GRAYN??

COZ, YOU'RE HERE, TOO. WE'RE **ALL** HERE. HOME.

AND IT'S JUST LIKE WE LEFT IT--



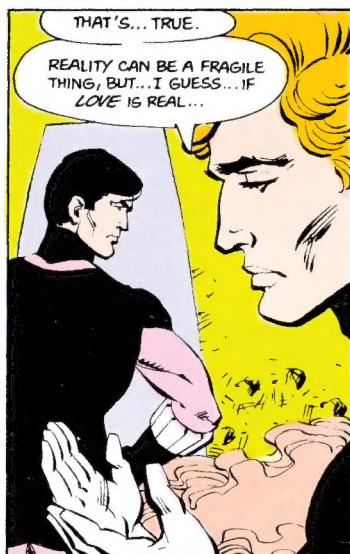
--ALMOST AS IF WE *NEVER* LEFT.

BUT WE DID, I *KNOW* IT, JUST AS I CAN FEEL THAT *THIS* IS REAL.



IMRA, DID I HURT--?

NO. WHATEVER ELSE THE TRAPPER DID, HE COULDN'T MAKE YOU HARM US, MY DARLING.



THAT'S... TRUE.

REALITY CAN BE A FRAGILE THING, BUT... I GUESS... IF LOVE IS REAL...



...IT MAKES OUR WORLD STRONG...

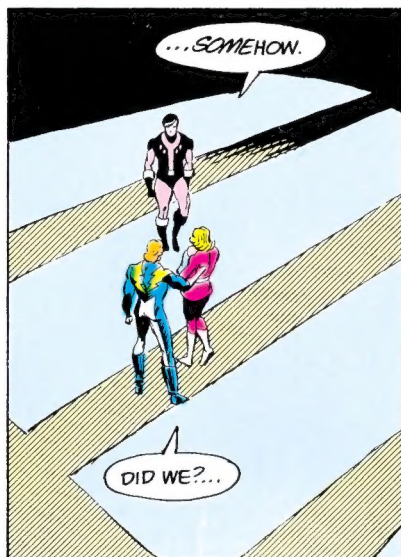
YOU OKAY, BUDDY?

HE WAS PLAYING SOME KIND OF *GAME* WITH US, COZ. HE DANGLED MY SANITY IN FRONT OF ME, *FORCING* ME TO CONFRONT MYSELF.

IT WASN'T PRETTY, BUT I WASN'T *AFRAID* TO LOOK.



I'VE NEVER DOUBTED YOUR STRENGTH FOR A *SECOND*, GARTH. LET'S JUST BE THANKFUL THAT THIS MESS IS OVER AND THAT WE *NOW*...



...*SOMEHOW*.

DID WE?...

"...OR DID TIME JUST RUN
OUT FOR ALL OF US?"

THE HOURGLASS
PROVED TO BE YOUR ALLY
TODAY, GARTH RANZZ!
FOR NOW I AM
THE LOSER.

BUT THERE WILL
BE OTHER GAMES,
LEGIONNAIRES.

THERE WILL
BE OTHER
GAMES.

KEITH GIFFEN - PLOT/DESIGNER
MINDY NEWELL - DIALOGUE
ERNIE COLÓN - PENCILLER
KARL KESEL - INKER
JOHN COSTANZA - letterer
CARL GAFFORD - colorist
KAREN BERGER - EDITOR

FINIS